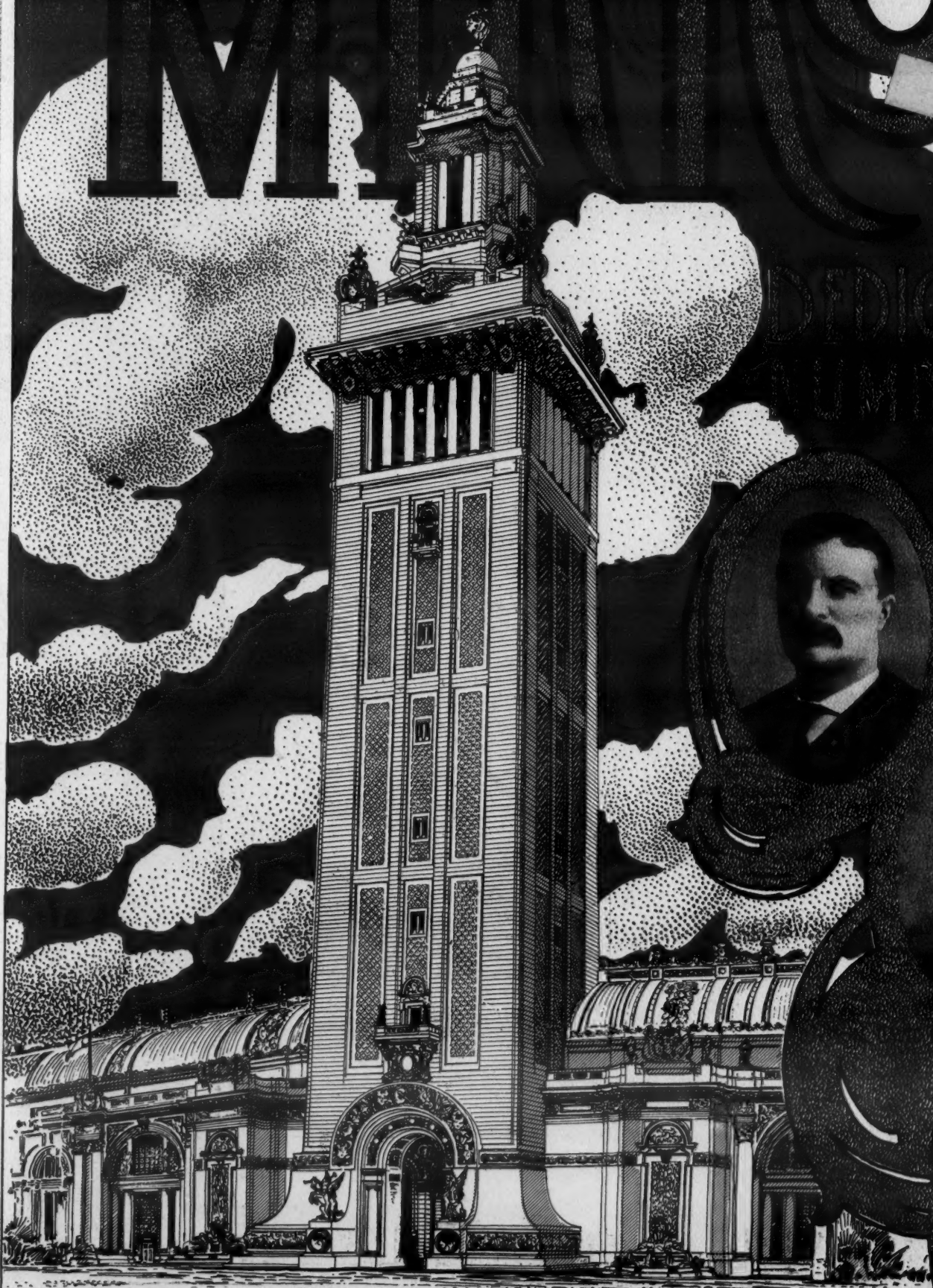


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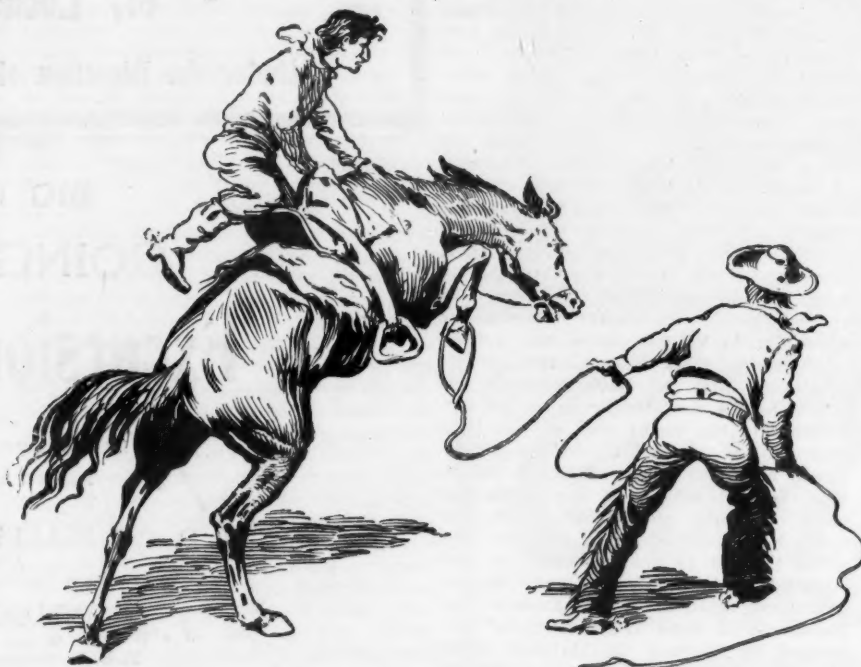
# CARNIVAL of RIDING and ROPING

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TWO PERFORMANCES,  
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NEW BOOKS

But for James Anthony Froude, Thomas Carlyle would never have been accused of heartlessness, indifference and even brutality towards his wife. Shortly before his death, the rugged author of "Sartor Resartus" made Froude his sole literary executor, and entrusted him with the editing of the Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle, expressing the wish, at the same time, that the papers be published only after a term of years. Froude utterly failed to respect the wishes of the man he had pretended to admire and to love for so many years. Two months after the great man's death, appeared the "Reminiscences;" these were soon followed by "The Early Life," and "The Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," and within two years came "The Life in London," all edited by Froude, and all full of misrepresentations of the grossest and most unpardonable kind. For some reason or other, Froude had imbibed the notion that Carlyle had played the role of tyrant in his household and thereby made the life of his highly intellectual, though not very amiable wife, one of constant suffering and agony, and that, after her death, his was embittered by poignant, hypochondrial remorse. To quote Froude's own words: "There broke upon him, in his late years, like a flash of lightning from heaven, the terrible revelation that he had sacrificed his wife's health and happiness in his absorption in his work; that he had been oblivious of his most obvious obligations, and had been negligent, inconsiderate and selfish. . . . He had never properly understood until her death how much she had suffered, how much he had to answer for." A two-volumed work has lately made its appearance entitled "New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," annotated by Thomas Carlyle and edited by Alexander Carlyle, in which the inexcusable manner in which Froude abused the trust reposed in him by his master is explained and revealed. In his elegantly written introduction to this work, Sir James Crichton-Browne says that "to understand Froude's treatment of Carlyle, it is necessary to look into the character of Froude; and an examination of that reveals that his intellect, capacious and well polished as it was, had the trick of distorting the impressions made on it. He rarely saw the true meaning and intent of any matter that he studied, but wrested facts from their exact shape and nature, and made them conform to his prepossessions and fancies, while he colored them beyond recognition. His judgment was built askew, and he had a positive genius for going wrong. In private life an honorable and straightforward man, the moment he took pen in hand he became untrustworthy. There has never, I suppose, been a prominent English author who has been as frequently and as flatly contradicted, or who has taken his critical chastisement more meekly." Further on, we read: "The wonder is that Carlyle, with his quick discernment and passion for truth, should have made Froude his principal literary executor. When he did so, he was old, and had out few friends, though many worshippers. He was touched by Froude's personal devotion, and especially by his sympathetic reverence for the memory of Mrs. Carlyle—that heroine and truly gifted woman—and so, forgetting his instability, entrusted him with a weighty and precious burden, under which he staggered and fell." Froude was a man of excessive sentiment and deep-seated prejudices. He was an enthusiast and a theorist. He formed conclusions without going to the trouble of investigating facts. It is due to these salient defects in his nature that he came under the impression, from the mere reading of passages in Mrs. Carlyle's letters, in which the minor dissonances of domestic life are dwelled, upon and, supposably, unduly magnified, that Thomas Carlyle had maltreated his wife and really been a

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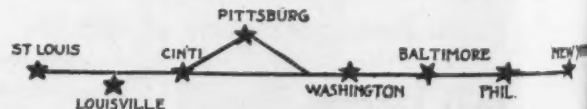
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man of cold and selfish heart. While it must be admitted that the two did not enjoy a very blissful married life, their natures being, in some respects, diametrically opposed to each other, there is no evidence whatever to prove that their differences were of such an acrid and intolerable character as Froude would have us believe. It is reasonable to believe that Carlyle was, at heart, a man of tender feelings, of kindness and forbearance. "The man who has been held up to obloquy as a misanthrope, a raging, snarling egotist, a miserable dyspeptic, a restless Annandale eccentric, a venomous iconoclast of other men's reputations, a boor and a brute," was full of magnanimity and ever ready to sympathize with afflicted friends. The two volumes under review are carefully edited, well bound and printed; attractively illustrated, and should prove effective in removing most, if not all of the grounds on which Carlyle's enemies have hitherto endeavored to soil his name and to destroy his fame. Published by John Lane, New York.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, are the publishers of "Our Northern Shrubs and How To Identify Them," by Harriet L. Keeler. This handsome, profusely illustrated volume contains a comprehensive enumeration and description of shrubs which are native to the soil in the region extending from the Atlantic ocean to the Mississippi river, and from Canada to the Northern boundary of our Southern States. It also deals with those imported shrubs which "have so long adorned our yards and gardens that we have almost forgotten their foreign origin. As the author says in her preface, the book is "prepared not only for the amateur botanist who seeks a more complete description of plants than the text-books in common use afford; not only for the lover of nature who desires a personal acquaintance with the bushes that grow in the fields and the fence corner, but also to serve those who are engaged in the establishment and decoration of city parks, roadways and boulevards; those who are seeking to beautify country roadsides, school-yards and railway stations . . ." The volume is neatly bound and clearly printed. Price, \$2.00 net.

The more fastidious class of fiction readers will find excellent literature of the lighter sort in a book entitled "Contrasts," containing sixteen stories, by Mrs. Florence Henniker, four of which made their original appearance in Cassell's Magazine and The Lady's Realm. The author's style bears traces of distinction: her observations on social life, customs and conventionalities are, occasionally, strikingly original and the character-presentments more than ordinarily clever. A few of the tales are calculated to twinge the heart-strings, and to arouse some of those exquisitely painful emotions which give us a subtler understanding of the depths of human nature. The volume is published by John Lane, New York.

John Trotwood Moore is the author of "Songs and Stories from Tennessee," a volume of about three hundred and fifty pages containing descriptions of life and people in the middle basin of Tennessee. Some of the chapters of this book are decidedly interesting, commingling healthy pathos with genuine humor. It would seem, however, that the author would have done well by making less liberal use of a sort of dialect to study which detracts considerably from the reader's enjoyment of the book. Published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

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## The Promise of the Land

Cæsar divided Gaul into three parts. After the manner of Cæsar, we divide this country into two parts. One the East. There, the market place, the place of exchange, the port of all inland commerce. One the Southwest. Here, the producing country, here the lungs and heart of the commercial body, here the reserve fund of national strength, the origin of wealth. Other divisions, such as North and South, now are reminiscent merely. They are not of vital importance. The facts of progress have divided the land sharply. This is the time of the Southwest.

What is this Southwest? Do you know that its empire is big enough nearly to support all the people of the earth. The human race could live very well within its confines. Texas is but a fraction of the Southwest. You can put Germany in one corner of Texas, England in the other, and have room left for a large slice of France.

This Southwest, speaking roughly, consists of Arizona, Arkansas, Indian Territory, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Texas and the southern part of Missouri. Putting it in square miles this means an aggregate of vastly over half a million square miles. This land is not mountainous, nor hilly, nor swept by floods; not desert land, not barren and unproductive, but the richest, most generous land in all the world; rich in minerals, soft in climate, bursting with the fullness of crops and fruit trees; producing everything essential, and producing vastly.

"*Terra incognita*," this; nearly undiscovered land. It discounts the fabulous dreams of John Law. Compare it with settled countries, and for all its sudden progress, its awakening, its recently growing importance, it will seem a wilderness. The best farming land in Germany is worth \$3,000 the acre. The best in the Southwest, let us say \$300 the acre. Yet the best of the Southwest is better than the best of Europe. Where is the difference? The difference is in population, and the necessity of cultivation. The problem of the builders of the Southwest is this needed increase of population. More hands are needed for the work. It is a question of splitting the labor and doubling the profits.

The railroads are doing the empire building. Their agents are heralds of the future, heralds of empire. Their lines are iron highways of commerce. Take the Missouri, Kansas and Texas road. It curves in a black line over the map of the Southwest from St. Louis to the Gulf. Through Missouri, through Kansas, through Indian Territory,

through Texas until it reaches the waters of the Gulf of Mexico at the port of Galveston. Here and there it is cut into by branch lines. And this road, at once, drains and feeds the Southwest. What thousand industries, what varied produce, what diversity of climate, what distinction of plants and crops, what different minerals offered by the earth, what plenitude and what dissimilarity shall the train that leaves the northern point witness before it reaches the southern end! Yet this is all the Southwest.

From the lead and zinc miles of Joplin, Missouri, to the oil regions of Texas as the whole Southwest is rich in minerals. The development is recent. Three years ago, a certain St. Louis real estate man was making a fair living off rent collections and handling property. He had been in the business all his life, had worked hard, and got his board and clothing out of it. By more or less of an accident he got interested in some Joplin property. He added to his holdings. Now his income is \$1,500 a week from interests in lead mines. He is going to retire, and write capitalist after his name. He had foresight enough to get in line with the advancement of the Southwest. His case is typical of a hundred others. The money is at our backdoors for the asking. All the Southwest needs is people who have the energy to develop it. Texas used to be thought good for cotton and negroes. Now it is beginning to count its oil millionaires. Creatures of a recent growth all. They took advantage of the Southwest. Oklahoma and Indian Territory furnish the finest stock raising country in the world. Its cattlemen are making thousands where the city man who is sticking to his desk and knows no more about the Southwest than the law allows, is making hundreds, and thinking himself lucky to pay his bills. Cotton land in Arkansas is nearly as good as a gold mine and considerably more certain. You can buy it at prices now that will double in five years. Why? Because the Southwest is advancing all along the line. Take a train from St. Louis through the Southwestern territory, and every time the train stops look out the window and you will see a business chance. The Southwest might be placarded with signs: "Capital wanted, labor wanted, industry wanted, energy wanted." Everything else is there. Land, minerals, crops, stocks, the opportunity of development. This is no mere outpost of civilization. Texas, for instance, boasts of a per capita wealth greater than any other of the States save four. It is simply that there is indefinite room

for more, that, great as they are, the opportunities of this territory, imperial in extent, imperial in resources, imperial in prospects, are just developing. The Southwest is beginning where other countries have left off. It is prosperous and rich now. Men are making fortunes there now. The proposition is that it will be so much richer, so much more prosperous that the present is infinitely discounted by the future.

The Southwest is the greatest show on earth, but what it needs is a live press agent. To meet the demand the railroads are turning themselves into advertising agencies. Their bureaus of information are getting out data that's worth more to the line than any literature you ever read. A racing tipster who would pick six winners daily would have a pretty good thing of it. Every time the railroads print a line about the Southwest they are picking their six winners. The difference is that people know about the races and they don't know about the Southwest.

Five out of ten people imagine that the principal product of Texas is cowboys. Take an up-to-date geography. It will tell you that Texas ranks first as producer of cattle, horses and cotton of all the States of the Union, and that means the world. Last year it produced more than one-third of the cotton crop of the United States. It has more prairie land than Kansas, more fine timber than Michigan, more oak than West Virginia, more iron than Alabama, more granite than New Hampshire, more corn land than Illinois, more wheat land than the Dakotas, more rice land than Louisiana, more fruit land than California, more tobacco land than Virginia. Are these business prospects?

Facts are never tiresome when they spell dollars. The prairie soil is best adapted to the growth of rice and cotton, fruit and vegetables. In the past few years, the cultivation of rice has grown to a most profitable industry. Yet side by side with these rich crops, grow sugar cane, broom corn, and every variety of fruit and vegetables. In the northern section, cotton, corn, wheat and oats grow side by side. The farmer can utilize every month of the year for planting, cultivating and harvesting. Consider a rice crop. One man with tools and team can handle all the land he can plow and harrow and plant. He begins preparing his land in winter, plants in April and has three months to cut the entire crop with the cradle. There is more money in rice than in any known staple crop.

The Government report for 1900 on the State of Texas shows that the value of farm products was \$333,679,389. Do you realize what this means? This is

one-twelfth the total wealth produced on the farms of the whole United States, and averages \$100 each man, woman and child in the State, while the average for the United States at the same period was \$50 per capita. Put it in this way: The Southwest is a fifty per cent better proposition than anything else in the country.

Where is the wealth of the country? Do you imagine it is in New York, or Chicago? The Government annually prints vast volumes of statistics. The man who has his fortune to make can't read anything more profitable. They tell him where the money is and how to get it. Well, these volumes of reports show that the wealth of the country is produced in just this section: Its crops, farm produce, live stock, oil mines, coal mines, lead and zinc mines, its corn, its timber, its rice, its cotton, its fruit, its pasture lands. The Southwest is the source and center. It's the axle of this vast wheel. It doesn't go around so fast, it makes no whirl, but its force is best seen at the circumference. The roar of business, the activity of commerce, the dizzy rush of Eastern prosperity is but the concentrated result of these vast Southwestern fields, these silent stretches of grain, these quiet distances of crops, and ocean-like prairie land.

The essential thing about the Southwest is that it is a free for all affair. The man with nothing but his hands and a capital of energy can get returns quicker, can build his fortune quicker, can get more out of the earth in this land of plenty than he can anywhere else in the world. And equally is the game open to the man with money to invest; be that investment in produce, lands, stock farms, mines, promotion of industries, such as the building of factories, mills, cotton gins, broom factories, ice plants, machine shops, transportation investments; in a word, all the usual employment of capital. All over this Southwest there are growing up cities, towns, villages, increasing, spreading, demanding more, requiring this and that; populated by eager, pushing people who are not satisfied with them, and who see the virtue of encouraging enterprises of all sorts; the needfulness of getting in more capital and more facilities, and more hands to develop their country. The M., K. & T. road, for instance, publishes a pamphlet of business chances in the Southwest, giving alphabetically towns and counties where certain things are needed, and where particular enterprises will be encouraged.

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**THEATRICALS**

"The Cavalier," this week's attraction at the Olympic, is genteel melodrama of the conventional kind. It is a dramatization of George W. Cable's tale of the Civil War. It is full of martial adventure and that baldly impossible which never fails to appeal to the childish traits in the human make-up. The heroine, Charlotte Durand, is a young girl of strong emotions and intense loyalty to the Southern cause. Unfortunately, she marries Captain Francis Oliver, a Confederate officer, who acts as a Union spy, commits various acts of despicable treachery and betrays valuable secrets to the Union leaders. Immediately after the wedding, his wife comes to know his true character and at once commands him to go hence, and to return no more. He bobs up again, however, molests her with his protestations of love, tortures her with traitorous performances, and, finally, just when he is about to be captured by Confederate forces, he wounds her with a pistol-shot, and then disappears for good. He dies, a few months later, of a fever in the Union hospital. Charlotte then marries an honest young fellow, who had also served as an officer in the Southern army.

As above intimated, the play is melodramatic throughout. It does not differ much from other productions of its kind. There is an unmitigated sameness to all these Civil War confessions. The great four-years' drama should certainly contain sufficient material from which a skilled playwright might construct a really good and convincing play. Yet, so far, we have been given nothing but sentimental "thrillers" and preposterous interpretations of the tremendous conflict.

Julia Marlowe, as Charlotte Durand, is all that she should be. She is affectionate and resentful. She is passionate and headstrong. She is fascinating and clever. She dominates the whole play, from beginning to end. When she is not on the stage, the poor thing of a play is practically dead. When she reappears, it regains some sort of life. The talents of the gifted actress are utterly wasted in this impossible dramatization.

The supporting company is not particularly good. It seems to be obsessed with the spirit of rank artificiality which pervades every role. So far as scenic effects are concerned, no fault can be found. The setting of the third act is especially beautiful.

Mr. Guy Lindsley presented, on Saturday evening, at the Germania Theater, a number of his pupils in the two pretentious productions, "Bittersweet," better known as "Nance Oldfield," a dramatization of Charles Reade's story, "Art: A Dramatic Tale," and Mr. T. W. Robertson's comedy in three acts, "Ours." Miss Emma Blanche Levy essayed the leading role in the former play, that of "Nance Oldfield." Her conception of "Nance" was artistic and portrayed with a degree of finesse scarcely to have been expected from one who claims to be merely an amateur. Miss Levy's "make-up" and costuming of the character were quite beyond cavil, indeed, exquisite taste was displayed in her selection of handsome gowns. Miss Jessie Clement's work as "Susan Oldfield," the country cousin, was clever. Later, she demonstrated her versatility when she appeared as "Lady Shendryn"—an entirely different role—in "Ours." Among those who deserve special mention are Mr. Pierce Weber, Joseph Solari, Miss Laura Sawyer and Miss Clara Hock. Both productions were beautifully staged, and the entire entertainment was most enjoyable.

**AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION  
MEETING,**

NEW ORLEANS, MAY 5-8.

Account of the above the Mobile & Ohio R. R. will sell tickets at rate of one fare for the round trip. St. Louis Office, 518 Olive street.

**GRAND GALA DEDICATION WEEK.**  
For 30 Days Only, At Our Old Stand, 1100 Olive Street.

**BOLLMAN'S  
200 Special BARGAINS PIANOS**

On account of overcrowded condition in our new store, have decided to offer the above for 30 days. This is an opportunity of a lifetime. No finer lot of second-hand and slightly used UPRIGHT PIANOS ever offered in St. Louis. Every Piano GUARANTEED by our firm for TEN YEARS. Call early to secure one of the BEST BARGAINS, although EVERY Piano offered is a BARGAIN. TERMS: As it suits YOU best—SMALL CASH PAYMENT and balance MONTHLY. A few of the SPECIAL BARGAINS that will be offered this week:

"E. GABLER & BRO.," an elegant Piano, full 7-1-3 octave in Upright case, a fine bargain.....\$93.00  
"KIMBALL," an elegant Upright Piano, in fine EBONIZED case, has only been slightly used, cut to.....\$30.00  
"LINDEMAN & SONS" Piano; this is a beautiful Piano, in fine Walnut case, cut to.....\$220.00  
"HALLET & DAVIS" GRAND Piano; this is an excellent Piano, in fine Ebonized case, a special bargain at.....\$135.00  
"ESTLEY" Piano; an elegant Upright Piano, in fine oak case, beautiful finish, and one that we know would give you perfect satisfaction in every way, at.....\$185.00  
"EMERSON" fine Upright Piano, in elegant Walnut case, only slightly used, and just as good as new; cut to.....\$230.00  
"MENDELSSOHN," this is a beautiful Piano, in fine Mahogany case, full 7-1-3 octave; cut to.....\$173.00  
"CHRISTIE" Piano; an excellent instrument, in fine Ebonized case only used a short time; cut to.....\$95.00  
"BEHNING;" this is a beautiful Piano, in fine Mahogany case, full keyboard; cut to.....\$280.00  
"HY. F. MILLER" Upright Piano; this is a beautiful instrument, and we assure you an excellent Piano in every way; special bargain at.....\$300.00  
"DECKER BROS." This Piano is a beautiful Upright Piano, which has only been used about three months, and is just as good as new; cut to.....\$390.00  
We also have six NEW PIANOS that have been dropped from the catalogues; Pianos in Mahogany, Oak and Walnut case, and of STANDARD makes.

Then we have a beautiful "DECKER" Piano, in a fine Walnut case, and a lovely "HY. F. MILLER" Piano, in Upright case.

One of our special bargains is a "STEINWAY," which has only been slightly used, and a number of other

standard makes; in fact, you will find represented in this sale very nearly EVERY WELL-KNOWN PIANO.

THREE fine Mahogany Uprights at \$175.00 each. These styles have been changed in the manufacturer's catalogues.

Also one large-size, STANDARD MAKE, Upright Piano, in Walnut case, HANDSOMELY CARVED.

**SQUARE PIANOS.**

Over ONE HUNDRED fine SQUARE PIANOS, at any price that you might want, from \$5.00 up. Following are a few of the BARGAINS OFFERED: These prices have been CUT IN HALF.

"GILBERT & CO.," an excellent Square Piano, which would give you perfect satisfaction in every way, cut to.....\$21.00  
"CHICKERING." This is a beautiful Piano, and an excellent bargain at.....\$95.00  
"WM. SCHAEFER," a beautiful Square Piano, just as good as new, cut to.....\$70.00  
"STEINWAY & SONS," one of the finest bargains ever offered; a Piano perfect in every way, and as good as new, cut to.....\$95.00  
"GIBBONS & STONE," an excellent Square Piano, a special bargain at.....\$35.00  
"ARION." This is an instrument that we know would be perfectly satisfactory in every way and an excellent instrument for practicing purposes, at.....\$45.00  
"ST. LOUIS PIANO CO." This is a fine Square Piano, which looks just like new, at.....\$85.00  
"DECKER & CO." A fine Square Piano, which we know is just the thing, cut to.....\$75.00  
"CABLE & SONS," a beautiful Square Piano, in excellent condition, this week selling at.....\$55.00  
"ST. LOUIS PIANO CO.," a very fine Square Piano, in excellent condition and beautiful case, cut to.....\$42.00

Don't Forget, this special sale takes place at our old number,

**BOLLMAN BROS. PIANO CO.**

**Toast Tablets.**

LATEST NOVELTY FOR CLUBS, DENS,  
DINING ROOMS, ETC.

**A. Kurtzeborn & Sons  
Jewelers.**

310 North Sixth Street.

**Mr. Sprague Says**

The public speaks well of the service at the new Colonial Restaurant, Broadway and Locust street.



## FOREST PARK HIGHLANDS

THE BIG PLACE ON THE HILL.

Largest Summer Garden in America.  
Quarter of a Million Dollars' Investment.  
Five Minutes Walk from World's Fair Grounds.  
Fireworks Can Be Seen From Roof Garden.  
**OPENS DEDICATION DAY.**  
**THURSDAY, APRIL 30.**

TWO SHOWS DAILY—RAIN OR SHINE.  
MATINEE 3 O'CLOCK. EVENING 8:30.

### LIBERATI'S BAND

50—Musicians—50  
**BIG VAUDEVILLE BILL,**

Headed By  
**NELL HAWTHORNE,**  
Famous Character Singer.  
**CLIVETTE,**

European Shadowgraphist.  
8—SEMINARY GIRLS—8  
and others.

Largest Roof Garden in the World.  
48,000 Square Feet Covered Area—48,000.

Scenic Railway—Loop the Loop—"Laughing Mirrors"—Airship—Ferris Wheel—Pony Track.

Admission to Grounds Free. Admission to Pavilion, 10c to 25c. Reserved Seats, 50c.

## Kinloch Races

April 15 to May 1

### SIX HIGH CLASS RACES DAILY

All the High Class Horses in the

West in Competition . . . . .

### WABASH TRAINS LEAVE:

<b>UNION STATION.</b>	<b>FOOT OLIVE ST.</b>
1:00, 1:45 (2:45 except Saturday.)	11:00 a. m., 1:30 and 1:55 p. m.
1:35 Saturday only.	Stop at North Market street and Bremen avenue.
Stop at Vandeventer ave., Forsythe and Maple avenue.	

### SUBURBAN CARS DIRECT TO TRACK:

## RACES FAIR GROUNDS.

SPRING MEETING,

May 2 to June 27th.

Historic Inaugural Handicap,  
Value \$3,500. **MAY 2nd.**

Races commence at 2:30 P. M.  
Each Day, Rain or Shine.  
Admission \$1.00.

**ST. LOUIS FAIR ASSOCIATION,**  
Grand ave. and Natural Bridge Road.

COMING! The biggest event in the history of the American Stage.  
**Monday and Tuesday Afternoons Only,**  
May 4 and 5.

Lieber & Company's All Star Cast Production of Shakespeare's Tragedy of

### ROMEO AND JULIET.

Thirteen Stars in the Thirteen Important Roles.  
Romeo.... Kyrle Bellew Capulet... George Clark  
Juliet.... Eleanor Robson Benvolio... Forrest Robinson  
Friar Lawrence... Wm. H. Thompson Tybalt... John E. Keller  
Mercutio... Eben Plympton Escalus... Edmund Breese  
Paris.... Edwin Arden Nurse... Mrs. W. J. Ferguson  
Montague... Frank C. Bangs Lady Capulet... Ada Dwyer  
Stage direction of Eugene W. Presbrey. Production after the models used by the late Augustin Daly.  
Music by Mendelssohn, Gounod and Massenet, interpreted by a symphony orchestra of fifteen.

## FROM BEHIND THE VEIL.

By Andrew J. Arthur.

It is an out-of-the ordinary novel \* \* \* of historical interest \* \* \* a quite readable romance and one that is apt to be finished when once begun. \* \* \*—*St. Louis Republic.*

\* \* \* It is a tale of love and adventure which ends happily \* \* \* Its descriptions of out-door life is one of the best things in the book.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

We conscientiously recommend it as being worthy of purchase and perusal.—*St. Louis Christian Advocate.*

Another Missouri book \* \* \* It is an interesting story of life in the long ago among the Toltecs.—*The Columbia Missouri Herald.*

A romance of the mysterious civilization of the Toltecs in Mexico \* \* \* of decided historical interest.—*The Christian Evangelist, St. Louis, Mo.*

"TO ANDREW J. ARTHUR, \* \* \* In appreciation of his story, 'From Behind the Veil.'" In all cordiality,  
ROBERT J. BURDETTE,

"It is a book one can hardly shut until he has completely finished reading it."  
DR. J. K. BAUDUY, SR.,  
St. Louis, Mo.

"I can truthfully say I enjoyed the story very much."

MRS. LUCY K. WALKER,  
President of the Junior Union of Sunday School Teachers of St. Louis.  
4277 Lucky street, St. Louis, Mo.

This is a new book, now in its second edition, brought out by the Christian Publishing Company of St. Louis, Mo., and for sale at all the book stores at \$1.25.



EACH succeeding day renders cold water less endurable and makes a good Gas Water Heater more desirable.

## The Vulcan Gas Water Heater

heats water quickly. Can be used in connection with Any Coal or Gas Range. Consumes very little gas and is only \$7.50  
Set up complete in your house.

Order Yours Before the Rush.

This offer may be withdrawn at any time.

Gas Stoves in plenty can be found;  
Any one can spare \$2.00 in change;  
But this is the only place in town  
Where \$2.00 are Good for a Good Gas Range.

**Backus Building,**  
**1011 Olive Street.**

Headquarters for Good Gas Goods.

BRANCH STORE, 710 N. TAYLOR,  
TELEPHONE: DELMAR 1674.

### OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK.

Julia Marlowe

In George W. Cable's  
Southern Romance

"The Cavalier"

MANAGEMENT OF  
Charles B. Dillingham,  
Reg. Mat. Saturday.

Next Sun. Seats Thurs.  
Miss Nance O'Neil. Sun.  
Mon. and Tues. nights,  
Sudermann's great problem play, *Magda*. Wed.  
mat. *Camille*. Wed Thurs  
and Fri nights, *Elizabeth*,  
Queen of England. Sat.  
mat. *Hendrik Ibsen's Hedda Gabler*. Sat night  
*The Jewess*.

### CENTURY

THIS WEEK.

ALICE FISCHER

IN

MRS. JACK.

Management H.B. Harris  
Reg. Mat. Saturday.

NEXT SUNDAY.

Mabelle Gilman

in the romantic comic opera.

The Mocking Bird.

Seats on sale Thursday.

THE GHOST OF MURDERED LOVE } And why Charity and Benevolence and Wealth and Learning and Respectability are afraid of her. Daintily bound, 10c. If you don't happen to have 10c let us send it to you anyhow.

Straight Edge, 1 Seventh Ave., N. Y.

## THE STANDARD

THIS WEEK.

FRANK B. CARR'S

Thoroughbred Burlesquers.

NEXT WEEK,

Al Reeves' Big Show

## CARMODY'S,

213 N. Eighth St.

FINEST LIQUORS

THAT'S ALL.





The combined length of service of the above gentlemen in the FURNITURE, CARPET and DRAPERY TRADE of St. Louis represents over a century of years. They now comprise the GEORGIA-STIMSON FURNITURE AND CARPET CO. Their splendid establishment at 616-618 Washington Avenue, is a shining example of what Enterprise, Diligence and Faithful service can accomplish.

#### PHOTOGRAPHIC OPPORTUNITY

The interest in photography increases year by year with a rapidity scarcely credible, even to one who is in a position to know everything appertaining to the advancement of this ever-pleasing pastime—"picture-taking." Makers of cameras and photographic supplies are each endeavoring to outdo the other in the manufacturing of new slides and the various appliances, and in the discovering of new and better methods of procuring artistic results. Amateurs, who, in days ago, labored under many harassing difficulties to produce the much-desired "good results," now have the modus operandi arranged in the most convenient, up-to-date manner, calculated to give the most pleasing effects, and "turn out" the most satisfactory picture.

Foremost among enterprising photographic supply firms is the well-known optical company—Erker Brothers. This house is now making a run on its cameras, kodaks, transparent colors, flash light powders, zinc fixing and washing boxes, dark room lamps, tripods, etc., etc., and those who are the owners of cameras, or the prospective owners, should not fail to take advantage of the exceptionally low prices at which all these goods are now offered. A glance at the advertisement, to be found elsewhere in this edition, will convince you that the cuts made in all prices classifies the sale as a great bargain-chance, and a bargain, furthermore, which you cannot afford to ignore.

Erker Brothers optical company is a reliable firm, one upon which one may depend with the utmost confidence. The attendants are ever courteous and do all in their power to assist the patron in

supplying a properly accoutered outfit. Visit the store. It will repay you. Erker Brothers optical company is located at 608 Olive street.

#### A GOOD SHOWING

The German Savings Institution, the oldest banking house in existence in the State of Missouri, which has successfully passed through all the financial panics from 1857 to date, presents a statement of its condition made January 2, 1903, in this issue of the Mirror. On May 31, 1853, its total assets were \$13,903.57. They have now grown to the enormous amount of \$9,111,624.21. To-day with a capital of \$500,000.00 it has surplus and profits amounting to \$1,269,726.36, and deposit of \$7,341,897.25. It has paid \$856,500.00 in dividends to stockholders since its organization. Its officers are well known and experienced financiers, and such names as John Wahl, president; Wm. Koenig, vice-president; Richard Hospes, cashier, and H. Hunicke, assistant cashier, need no comment.

Doing a general banking business, it issues letters of credit available throughout the civilized world. It pays interest on deposits at 3 per cent., and 2 per cent on current accounts. The institution is located on southwest corner Fourth and Pine streets.

#### CALIFORNIA AND BACK, \$47.50.

May 3rd, 12th to 18th, inclusive, final limit July 15th. Descriptive matter and full information Union Pacific R. R., 903 Olive St., St. Louis.

Little Clarence—Pa, what is a reformer? Mr. Callipers—He is a person, my son, who has very lofty ideals for other people to live up to.—Smart Set.

## To CHICAGO

**2**  
TRAINS  
BY  
DAY

"THE  
ONLY  
WAY"

HANDSOMEST  
TRAINS  
IN THE  
WORLD.

**2**  
TRAINS  
BY  
NIGHT

## CHICAGO & ALTON

#### HIS PUN

"Yes, my autobiographical book, 'My Life in Many States and in Foreign Lands,' has had a good sale," said George Francis Train to a reporter the other day, "but it is surprising how many people want free copies." "Indeed?" remarked the reporter. "Yes," added the aged Citizen Train, disgustedly, "there must be an impression abroad that I am an accommodation Train."

#### A MATTER OF SEASONS

De Style—Was Eve a summer girl? Gunbusta—Well, not exactly; but she was very prominent in the fall.—New York Times.

We pride ourselves upon the originality of our Sterling Silverware designs and invite inspection and comparison. J. Bolland Jewelry So., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.



## COMING ATTRACTIONS

The summer garden season will be ushered in this week, on Dedication Day, at Forest Park Highlands. This popular amusement resort has, since the closing of the last season, made various improvements. It now has an airship, which can be used as the best of observation towers for the World's Fair grounds; it has the largest roof garden in the world; it has a gallery of "Laughing Mirrors," which should make a great hit with those who are anxious to add to their avoirdupois by the most pleasing and most successful process—laughing. And then there are those dear old features which the patrons of this up-to-date garden love so well—the scenic railway, the loop the loop, the Ferris wheel, and, on the outside, a "pony track" for the juveniles. Col. Hopkins knows how to keep his patrons in good humor. As a purveyor of excellent vaudeville, he cannot be surpassed. For the opening this week, he has engaged the charming Nell Hawthorne, famous for her catchy songs and "handsome clothes" as a member of the Hawthorne Sisters; the Eight Seminary Girls, who are of bewitching loveliness, charming grace and inimitable cleverness; Olivette, a shadowgraphist, who makes shadow-pictures the same as the sun, and Tom Kack, a first-rate comedian. Signor Liberati, the famous leader-cornetist, will be the leader of his entire band of fifty musicians on the stage and in the grounds after performances. The Cherokee Garden will do the catering and satisfy the gastronomic requirements of visitors. In view of all these tempting features, it behooves us to visit Forest Park Highlands en masse this week. Col. Hopkins has pledged himself that everything will be first-class, and experience has taught us that his is a never-failing way of "making good."

It is beyond doubt that the fast-approaching all-star revival of "Romeo and Juliet" (to be made under the direction of Liebler & Co., for a special spring tour, including the two performances at the Olympic Theater on Monday and Tuesday afternoons, May 4 and 5) will prove the most satisfying, artistically, and the most magnificent in a "production" way, ever proposed or achieved in this country. Every tributary element, and a list including every leading artist of the theatrical profession in America has been gone over thoroughly to discover the finest interpreters, the best artisans and an unexceptionable quality of material, for everything desired. The scenery is being painted by the foremost artists in the country, from models prepared in Verona, of actual views in the ancient Italian city that cradled the world-romance; the music of all the great composers who have sought to glorify Shakespeare's inspiring theme with their melodic genius, has been examined thoroughly, and the most effective has been chosen for interpretation by a carefully picked symphony orchestra, which will accompany the distinguished dramatic stars of the organization throughout the tour.

Mabelle Gilman, in the season's success, "The Mocking Bird," will appear at the Century Sunday night. This dainty new opera comes here with the stamp of approval of New York, Boston and other large cities, and is said to be a delightful piece, with a distinct story, a direct, lively action, a gay, wholesome sentiment and an exhilarating atmosphere. Miss Gilman is said to be wholly fascinating in the part of "Yvette Millet," a patriotic French maid, who dances with supreme grace and sings with a much better voice than any comic opera star, except Alice Neilson or Lulu Glaser, has ever shown. The music of "The Mocking Bird" has been adjudged sweet, inspiring, tuneful and catchy. The supporting company is very strong, and includes such well-known favorites as Roland Carter, Walter Shannon, Sydney Deane, Edgar Atchison Ely, Maude Alice Kelly, Sarah Osgood,

Louise Macintosh and a chorus of carefully trained, pretty girls.

Nance O'Neil, who has won world-wide fame since her last appearance in St. Louis, is announced for a week's engagement in classic plays at the Olympic Theater, beginning Sunday evening, May 3. A little over two years ago, Miss O'Neil started on a tour of the world, and since then she has been much in the public eye, achieving extraordinary success. In London and other great cities of the world she was hailed as the American Siddons, and frequently referred to as the real and dangerous rival of both Duse and Bernhardt. In the course of her engagement here Miss O'Neil will appear in the title roles of "Magda," "Elizabeth,

Queen of England," "The Jewess," "Camille" and the last Ibsen curiosity, "Hedda Gabler."

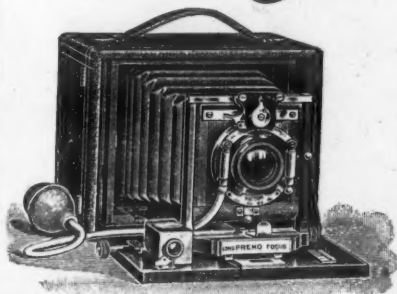
Gaiety and tuneful ditties reign supreme at the Standard Theater, this week. "The Wooden Wedding" is presented quite cleverly and effectively. Miss Bessie Taylor warbles a number of pretty selections, and, judging from the loud plaudits, to the entire satisfaction of her auditors, Crawford and Manning, comedians, are good entertainers, as are, also, the Polk and Tresk company of "European wonders." All in all, it's a good bill. Next attraction, "Al Reeve's Big Show."

Again we have the "ponies" with us, and from May 2 until June 27, races of high order will be run at the Fair

Grounds. The honors and laurels will be contested by the best thoroughbreds of the country, and, as usual, the dear ladies will have their "inching" in the displaying of dainty, airy costumes. It is at the races that fair femininity looks most charming. The 2nd of April is, of course, also the occasion of the great \$3,500 inaugural handicap race. Great crowds will doubtless convene to witness the inaugural, for the St. Louis Fair Association has always made its opening a gala day, and one which former participants of its many features of enjoyment do not readily forget. Be with the big crowd! Join in the cry: "Off for the races!"

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

# Our Annual Clearance Sale.



## SNAPPA CAMERA. Size 3 1/4 x 4 1/4.

This is the most marvelous invention that has ever been made in photographic appliances, reloads in daylight very expeditiously and is complete in every particular. Regular List Price \$25.00—Our Clearance Sale Price .....\$17.00

## CENTURY MODEL F. Size 5x7.

A compact long focus instrument, containing all improvements. Regular Price \$34.00—Our Clearance Sale Price .....\$22.50

## CENTURY. Size 4x5. 1900 Model.

This is in every way a first-class instrument. Regular List Price \$10.00—Our Clearance Sale Price .....\$5.50

BROWNE KODAK—With complete developing and printing outfit—Our Clearance Sale Price, \$1.63

Owing to lack of space we are unable to unpack our carloads of 1903 Kodaks, Cameras and Photo Supplies, and have decided to inaugurate the most gigantic Clearance Sale ever heard of in the City of St. Louis.

## EVERYTHING MUST BE SACRIFICED.

We have not considered the cost price, as we MUST have the room. This is the chance of a life time to buy the highest grade goods at prices never before heard of. Do not fail to avail yourself of this opportunity, but come at once, as the quantity in some of these lines is limited, and this sale will positively close on May 15th, 1903.

If you cannot call at our store, remember that MAIL ORDERS accompanied by Cash will receive PROMPT ATTENTION.

## TELE. PHOTO POCO. Size 5x7.

1902 Model. This is a style of Camera that has won deserved popularity; its general utility, ease of manipulation and its adaptability to a wide range of work, are all factors in its success. Regular List Price \$35.00—Our Clearance Sale Price .....\$21.00

## POCKET POCO. Size 3 1/4 x 4 1/4.

1902 Model. The smallest and daintiest Camera; can be carried in coat pocket. Regular List Price \$9.00—Our Clearance Sale Price....\$6.50

## PONY PREMO No. 5. Size 4x5.

1902 Model. Perfect in design and compact in form, this instrument has attained a world-wide reputation; it can be depended upon to produce the very best results under all circumstances. Regular List Price \$27—Our Clearance Sale Price .....\$18.00

## PREMO A. 6 1/2 x 8 1/4. 1900 Model.

This instrument has proven its popularity and is so substantially built as to stand extremely rough usage, possessing at the same time prominent features which characterize the highest grade camera. Regular List Price \$40.00—Our Clearance Sale Price .....\$22.50

## CENTURY GRAND. Size 5x7.

1902 Model. This is a distinctive Camera, the result of much careful study, and has won universal success. It contains more improvements than any other folding hand Camera. Regular List Price \$45.00—Our Clearance Sale Price .....\$25.00

## PONY PREMO No. 6. Size 5x7.

1902 Model. Especially fitted for landscape work, interiors and architecture, it represents the best product of human skill and is made of selected material. Regular List Price \$42.00—Our Clearance Sale Price .....\$28.00

## GREATEST VALUES EVER OFFERED IN PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES.

TONING SOLUTION—Full quota of gold, for solo and all gelatine papers. 4 ounce bottle, regular price 25c—Our Sale Price .. 9c

DEVELOPING SOLUTION—For plates, films and developing papers 8 oz. bottle full strength, regular price 25c—Our Sale Price .. 15c

M. Q. DEVELOPING TUBES—For velox, dekkko and bromide papers. Regular price 10c—Sale Price ..... 3c

ACID FIXING SALTS—For velox, dekkko, bromide papers, plates and films. Regular price 15c—Our Sale Price ..... 7c

CYCLE PRINT ROLLERS—Japanned handles, cushion rubber roller. Regular price 15c—Our Sale Price ..... 5c

PRINT TRIMMERS—Fine hardwood, highly polished trimmers, tempered steel blade, No. 0 to trim steel blade, No. 0 to trim prints 4x5. Regular price 40c—Our Sale Price ..... 29c

No. 1 A to trim prints 5x7. Regular price 60c—Our Sale Price 39c

ELECTROSE TRAYS, size 4x5, regular price 25c—Our Sale Price 10c

GOLD CHLORIDE—15-grain vials, full weight—Sale Price ..... 45c

TRANSPARENT PHOTO COLORS—To color photographs, carbons and half tones. Box of eight colors, including camel's hair brush, and complete instructions. Regular price 40c—Our Sale Price ..... 20c

PHOTO ALBUMS—Regular \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00 and \$6.00 values. This broken lot of squeegee albums, while they last, at 90 cents each. Our Gem Albums, made of the best melton card board, handsomely lettered, will hold 32 4x5 prints—Our Sale Price .. 8c

FOCUSING CLOTH—Regular 50c value—Our Sale Price ..... 25c

PHOTO PASTE BRUSH—One inch bristle paste brush—Our Sale Price ..... 3c

FLASH POWDER—Finest imported Flash Powders, put up in airtight tubes—Per tube ..... 18c

FLASH LIGHT CARTRIDGES—Each cartridge sufficient for one exposure—Sale Price, per cartridge ..... 2c

ZINC FIXING AND WASHING BOXES—Size 4x5 and 5x7. Regular price \$1.25—Our Sale Price 45c

CARD MOUNTS—Regular 10c, 15c, 20c and 25c per dozen cards—Our Sale Price, while they last, per dozen ..... 5c

WOOD NEGATIVE RACKS—To hold 24 photos. Regular price 25c. Our Sale Price ..... 12c

DARK ROOM LAMPS—A well made and ventilated oil lamp. Regular 75c value—Our Sale Price ..... 25c

BRASS FORMS—To trim all sizes of photos. Regular price 25c—Our Sale Price ..... 15c

ERKO TRIMMING OUTFIT—This outfit contains 12 steel cutting forms and two trimmers, one swivel and one straight—Our Sale Price for complete outfit ..... 90c

TRIPODS—Rochester folding and sliding. Regular \$3.00 value—Our Sale Price ..... 85c

WIRE PICTURE RACKS—For holding photographs—Our Sale Price ..... 12c

IMPORTED GERMAN TRANSPARENCIES—Size 12x17, artistically colored, beautiful landscapes and other views. Regular price \$4.00—Our Sale Price \$1.50

## ARE YOU INTERESTED IN PYROGRAPHY?—Special Offer:

To meet the popular demand for an inexpensive Pyrography outfit, capable of executing even difficult work, we have placed on sale our Special ERKO OUTFIT NO. 1, containing a high-grade Platinum Point, of the same value as is included in regular \$5.00 outfit, at the low price for the complete outfit of \$2.25.

Outfit consists of Platinum Point, Cork Handle, Rubber Tubing, Double Bulb, Metal Union Cork Bottle, Alcohol Lamp, two pieces Stamped Practice Wood, and full instructions, all contained in fine leatherette box. Will be sent C. O. D. for examination. Forty-page Catalogue, No. 2, fully illustrating hundreds of useful articles stamped ready for burning, as well as all kinds of Pyrography Outfits, will be sent free upon request.

# Erker Bros. Optical Co.

Commercial Photographers, Developing and Finishing for Amateurs, Kodaks, Cameras and Photo Supplies, Stereopticons and Slides, Moving Picture Machines, Calcium Lights, Etc.

608 OLIVE STREET.

ST. LOUIS, MO.



# The Mirror

VOL. XIII—No. 12

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1903.

PRICE, TEN CENTS

## The Mirror

Published every Thursday at

N. W. COR. 10TH AND PINE STS.

Telephones: Bell, Main 2147; Kinloch, A 24.

Terms of subscription to The Mirror, including postage in the United States, Canada and Mexico, \$2.00 per year, \$1.00 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$3.50 per year.

Single copies, 5 cents.

News Dealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company, or any of its branches.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order, or Registered Letter, Payable to The Mirror, St. Louis.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," The Mirror.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

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London	Anglo-American Exchange, 3 Northumberland Ave.
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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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## REFLECTIONS

### Dedication Day

MEET it is that we celebrate this day. For it is the greatest day in the annals of the City of St. Louis. It marks the ending of the old and beginning of the new civic era. It signalizes the advent of the city's metropolitan status. It emphasizes the city's right to be regarded as the center of the erstwhile Louisiana Territory, as the material symbolization of the progressiveness, industry and patriotism of its many millions of inhabitants. This is the day when we can afford to let ourselves go in truly metropolitan fashion, when we have reason to brag of what we have so far accomplished, and of what we are yet going to accomplish in the years to come. This is the day when we have warrant to display our civic as well as our National pride. A hundred years ago to-day, the foundations were laid for the greatness of St. Louis, of Louisiana Territory and of the whole country. The dedicatory ceremonies and pageantry commemorate an event than which there is none greater in the history of the United States. If he had accomplished nothing else but the annexation of old Louisiana to the United States, Thomas Jefferson would still be entitled to the undying gratitude of his countrymen. It may be said that he builded wiser than he knew, that the full import of the transaction never dawned upon his statesmanlike mind. Yet, he brought it about. But for his efforts, the purchase would not have been effected, at least not at that time. If negotiations had failed in 1803, perhaps they would never have been resumed. Who knows? The history of mankind proves that, sometimes, trifles light as air, delays of a few minutes, brought the most far-reaching consequences, and turned the current of events into a different channel. With the purchase of Louisiana the future greatness of the country was assured. When the negotiators affixed their signatures to the treaty, the western boundary of the young Republic had been moved to the Pacific Ocean. However, there is no need any more to indulge in historical references and conjectures of this kind. The St. Louis World's Fair affords the best and the most eloquent synopsis imaginable of the consequences of the Louisiana Purchase. A visit to the grounds to-day will instill an historical lesson to the impressiveness of which nothing could be added. Therefore, let's us all participate, let's all celebrate, let's all feel as we never felt before. This is Dedication Day. Generations hence, our children and grandchildren will yet speak of its meaning, its glories, its pageants, its gatherings. And, perhaps, they will dream of this day and envy us because we lived to see it.

### Imparting Legal Responsibility

THE Legislature of Connecticut is at present discussing a bill providing for the incorporation of labor unions. This bill should be passed, by all means. Economic conditions have shaped themselves in such a manner as to make legislation of this sort an imperative necessity. Labor unions should be required to incorporate. As an incorporated body, they will be clothed with legal responsibility and, at the same time, with more dignity. A labor union which can be held legally responsible in damages for its acts will, necessarily, be disposed to advocate the adoption of only strictly peaceable means in the settlement of labor

troubles, and thus make for more stability and harmony in the economic world. Of course, there is still some doubt as regards the constitutionality of such legislation. Among other authorities, Chancellor Kent and "Angell & Ames on Corporations" have been quoted in support of the view that a trade union cannot be forced to incorporate. However, even if compulsory incorporation could not be had, there still is good ground to believe that the State and Federal courts of this country would, in a test case, be more disposed to follow the precedent recently established by the Taff Vale decision in England than the views of authorities of fifty or eighty years ago, when economic conditions were vastly simpler than, and radically different from, what they are at the present time. While discussing this question, it must be noted that most of the labor leaders are opposed to laws calling for the incorporation of unions. Mr. Samuel Gompers thinks there is no need for such State legislation, inasmuch as there is already in existence a law of Congress under which labor unions are given the right and opportunity to incorporate. Whatever may be the final upshot of the present agitation and discussion, so much is certain: The time has come when a labor union will no longer be allowed to evade liability in damages for acts committed by itself or by its members. It is no more above the law than is the ordinary citizen. To permit it to enjoy immunity, is subversive of order and justice. If the legal responsibility of workingmen's associations cannot be established by legislation requiring incorporation, then it will, eventually, be fixed by the courts themselves, according to the merits of each case that comes under their review.

### Vernal Dangers

FOR a delight to the eye and an inspiration to the soul give me the spring girl. Could there be anything sweeter, daintier, fresher and lovelier than this delicious morsel of femininity, with her giggles and her gewgaws, her lace, her flounces and her ribbons! Or anything more destructive of the moral equipoise and intellectual serenity of the impressionable male than her languorous glances, her little artful coquetties, all so familiar and yet ever so new and irresistible! Ah, the girl of these sunny spring days! What havoc she plays with our heart! Dame Nature herself is teaching her these vernal wiles, and metamorphosing her more than ever into the pristine Eve and the eternal, irresistible temptress. There is many a young fellow who prays to be delivered from temptation, whenever one of these frivolous, giddy and beribboned sorceresses crosses his path. She is fair to look upon, but the susceptible male should have a care and not get too close to full red lips and fluttering lace covering heaving bosoms. There is danger in her flashing eyes, provocation in her finery. She puts the most approved masculine virtue to the test. She goes forth to conquer, and, alas, the name of her victims is legion.

### Looking Ahead

MR. BRISBANE WALKER believes the New York Subway is already antiquated, and that the future of rapid transit belongs to the automobile. He may be right. In this age of inventions and improvements of all kinds, nothing can remain stationary or unchanged. What is new this year, may be old next year. That people in the middle of the twentieth century will



still be using our present methods of rapid transit does not stand to reason. Their means of transportation will be as different from ours, as the latter are from those of twenty years ago. They will know neither overcrowding nor poor ventilation. Improved transportation is bound to come. And that the automobile will be largely instrumental in giving it to us can no longer be doubted. But there will yet have to be invented a much improved type of automobile. The ones we have to-day are still extremely clumsy in construction and dangerous in operation.



#### *The Brilliant Ingalls*

THEY are now engaged in composing panegyrics upon the late John J. Ingalls. His speeches and writings have been collected and published. A perusal of them confirms the opinion which competent judges have held all along, which is, that the erstwhile Senator from Kansas was brilliant rather than deep. His thinking was superficial, his logic defective, and his style turgid and bewildering. In some respects, Ingalls was bookish, and, therefore, theoretic in his views of the ways and things of the world. His versatility prevented him from studying questions very thoroughly. His rhetoric was, at times, magnificent, but never convincing. The Kansan would have achieved a great deal more, and gained, perhaps, a distinguished and permanent place in the history of his country, if he only had been less brilliant. Brilliance does not make for real greatness.



#### *Russia in Manchuria*

RUSSIA is evidently determined to "hang on" to Manchuria, which it has been occupying for some time. It has made demands upon the Chinese government which, if granted, will practically make the Czar sovereign of the great province. Manchuria is a most desirable territory. Its valleys are extremely fertile, and its mineral deposits are said to be of immense value. Several Russian companies are now at work exploiting gold, coal and copper mines. The inhabitants of the province are of a peaceable character, and will not offer any resistance to a change of sovereignty. As the route of the Trans-Siberian Railroad intersects Manchuria, China is not in a position to antagonize Russia's far-reaching demands. Despite Japan's protests and demands for explanations, Russia's ambitions cannot be circumvented. Manchuria is already practically lost to China, and all that remains to be done is to make official proclamation of its annexation to the Czar's Asiatic dominions. Neither England nor Japan is willing to defy Russia to carry out its Manchurian programme. The "bear that walks like a man" will brook no interference. His policy of territorial aggrandizement may be unmoral, unprincipled, dishonest, and all that sort of thing, but it "goes." In this age of the world, it is the only one that distinguishes virile from "dying nations." And Russia is not a "dying nation," by any means. It is constantly growing. Its growth can no more be stopped than can that of the United States, or England, or Germany. If the Czar's government annexes Manchuria, it can justify its action on the same grounds that England advanced when annexing South African republics. Ill would it become the British government to protest against, and to censure, methods which have been salient features of the curriculum of the Downing Street school of diplomacy for, lo, these many years. That Japan is courting an open conflict with Russia is doubtful. While it has a good navy and army, it cannot hope to win in a struggle with the gigantic northern power. Taking everything into consideration, the best that can be done in the present emergency is to let Russia have its way, and to find some consolation in the

thought that Manchuria, under Muscovite control, will, eventually, attain a much higher stage of development than it would if left under the nerveless, blighting rule of Pekin degenerates and eunuchs. So far as commercial guarantees or concessions are concerned, it yet remains to be proved that Russia is unwilling to make them. In the course of his negotiations with the St. Petersburg authorities, Secretary Hay will undoubtedly succeed in obtaining what he considers necessary for the future development of American trade in Eastern Asia.



#### *A Follower of the Mahdi*

THE troubles in Somaliland have an ugly outlook. The incidents of the late British defeat remind one of some of the early successes of the Mahdi, in the Soudan, twenty years ago. The leader of the Somaliland Moslems, known to "Infidels" as the "Mad Mullah," appears to be both courageous and resourceful. He is evidently held in great esteem by his fanatical followers. It is religious rather than political reasons which lie at the bottom of these troubles, which originated two years ago, and the total suppression of which will involve a large loss of life and treasure to the British. These Moslem fanatics will remain a great menace to British rule for years to come. In the end, of course, they will have to give up, just as the Boers had to after three years' fighting. England is now building a vast railroad system connecting the Cape and Cairo, principally for the purpose of solidifying its African possessions. After the completion of that system, insurrections will become less frequent and less dangerous. There is nothing better calculated to make for peace than a railroad which facilitates the movements of large bodies of troops. Neither a Mahdi nor a "Mad Mullah" can hope successfully to buck up against a powerful engine tearing through the swamps, deserts, forests and mountains of Africa.



#### *Shipbuilding and Protection*

Two large ship-building concerns—the Cramps, of Philadelphia, and the Triggs, of Richmond, Va.—have gone to the wall. From protectionists councils comes the wail that the failure of the late Congress to pass the ship subsidy bill is the direct cause of these failures, and the blithe information that the ship-building industry "will be a lot worse before it is better." Of course, nothing else could be expected from such sources. Advocates of subsidies devoutly believe in that dogma of the paternalistic creed which asserts that the Government should take care of all those industrial enterprises which are not able to stand on their legs independently of outside assistance. If the ship-building industry is unprofitable, then it is the duty of our National Government to subsidize it until it has reached a stage where stockholders may expect dividends. One of the queerest features of this revival of the ship-subsidy discussion is the opinion expressed by some that it is owing to the prevailing high tariff duties that subsidy payments have become imperative. Says one: "The trouble with the ship-building industry in this country is that we cannot compete with conditions obtaining on the other side of the ocean. Most of the materials which we put into ships on this side are protected by tariff schedules. Further than that, our labor costs us a very great deal more than it costs the builders of ships on the other side. For the sake of comparison, I may tell you that, if a ship could be built for \$250,000 on the other side, it would cost just about \$500,000 to build it here. The result is that people in this country who want ships prefer to buy them where they can buy them the cheapest." These words mean a good deal. They admit, first, that our tariff duties are too

high; second, that, in consequence of this, the prices of materials have been raised to such an extent that Europeans can build ships at less cost than we; third, that, owing to the high level prevailing here, and the low level prevailing on the other side, the American ship-builder finds his industry on the downgrade, and, fourth, that, in order to prevent a total extinction of the American ship-builder, it is necessary for us to subsidize him, so that he may be able to pay the exorbitant prices which manufacturers, protected by a high tariff, demand for ship-building materials. This seems to be a variation upon the ancient theme of "robbing Peter to pay Paul." It would be difficult to find a more vivid illustration of the viciousness of the protective system than is contained in the arguments advanced by the mouth-pieces of would-be subsidy-grabbers in regard to the present plight and means of redemption of the ship-building industry. Why should the people be taxed to pay subsidies, when there is a much simpler and more honest way of affording relief by lowering or abolishing duties on all those materials which go into the building of ships? This protective swindle has raised an industrial structure which has no solid foundations. To make any material changes in duties would, it seems, precipitate a disastrous collapse. Knowledge and fear of this are, undoubtedly, the reason why there is such determined opposition to tariff revision. Yet, sooner or later, this revision is bound to come, and when it does come, look out for the crash and the splinters. So far as the cheap labor of Europe is concerned, all that need be said is, that it is sufficiently offset by our multifarious labor-saving devices and the acknowledgedly superior skill of the American workingman.



#### *The Effects of Overcapitalization*

OWING to failure to pay interest on its obligations and judgments due, the Chicago Union Traction Company, controlled by the Morgan-Elkins-Widener syndicate, has been thrown into the hands of receivers appointed by the United States Court. This is the company which was organized in 1899, and includes the two properties owned up to that time by Charles T. Yerkes, the well-known street railway promoter and manipulator. Mr. Yerkes received \$10,000,000 in cash for his \$5,200,000 of stock (par value). It is estimated that three-fourths of this payment constituted clear profit. When the Union Traction Company was in process of formation, the city authorities of Chicago appointed a committee to make a report on the street railway situation. The committee found that the North Chicago Company was capitalized at \$14,780,900, and that the property could be duplicated for about \$6,000,000. The over-capitalization in this case was, therefore, over \$8,000,000. The West Chicago Company was found capitalized at about \$32,000,000, and in possession of a property that could be duplicated for \$12,500,000. Its overcapitalization thus was in excess of \$20,000,000. In each instance, the bonds about equaled the estimated cost of duplication. In spite of all this, however, Yerkes managed to convince Morgan and his friends of the merits of the proposition he had made to them. For once, the great New York financier fell into a well-laid trap. The Union Traction Company took hold of the two roads, the North Chicago and the West Chicago, and leased them at a rental of twelve and six per cent, respectively, on the capital stock. They issued \$20,000,000 of common and \$12,000,000 of 5 per cent cumulative preferred shares. Dividends on the latter were paid until December, 1900. Since then no dividend has been distributed. From the above it is apparent that the syndicate company went into receivers' hands, because too much of a load had



been piled upon it. The earnings were not large enough to warrant such a tremendous overcapitalization. Those who relied on the promises of Yerkes and, later, of the syndicate, are now given occasion to rue their indiscretion and gullibility. Why is it that there still are so many people of such viridly immature judgment that they can be induced to invest in "stuff" which practically has no value and no future? Every man with a constitutional amount of horse-sense should have known and been able to comprehend that overcapitalization of such magnitude could result in no good. When and how the concern will be reorganized is something of vital interest to the Chicago municipal ownership party. It has been stated that no municipalization can be had while the company is in the hands of the Federal Court. That may be so. Yet, while the reorganization is progressing, all preliminary steps for eventual municipalization can be completed, for the receivership cannot be expected to last forever.



## Keeping the Laws

MR. BAER, President of the Reading Railroad Company, and notorious as a "Christian gentleman," informed the Interstate Commerce Commission, which is now conducting an investigation, that the anthracite coal companies have never been, and are not, violating the laws of the land. This should settle the question to everybody's satisfaction. Mr. Baer must be presumed to know what he is talking about. Besides, it is unkind to badger and worry him so much and so everlastingly. As he himself declared, he is tired of all these fellows who think they represent the public and endeavor to prove "that all business men are evading the law." Give Mr. Baer a rest. As long as he keeps the laws of the land, what's the use of talking about violations of the laws of God? As a "Christian gentleman," to whom the Lord Almighty entrusted the Nation's coal-mines, he alone knows what is right and what is not.



## Judge Made Law

SOME time ago, the Legislature of Indiana passed a law providing that workingmen's wages be paid weekly. According to time-honored custom, the constitutionality of this law was promptly impugned in the courts by certain wolfish corporations, on the flimsy ground that it involved a violation of the wage-earner's freedom of contract. The absurdity of this contention was recognized by everybody but the august judges of the State Supreme Court, who, the other day, rendered a decision declaring the law invalid. The court opined, *inter alia*, that the statute in question tends to degrade workingmen "as citizens by impeaching their ability to take care of themselves. It is paternalism, pure and simple, and in violent conflict with the liberty and equality theory of our institutions. Labor is property; it is exchangeable for food and raiment and some comforts, and may be bought and sold, and contracts made in relation thereto, the same as concerning any other property." Of course, the decision stands. It is now the law of the State of Indiana. It cannot be "knocked out" on the mere dictum of an ancient sage of the jurisprudence to the effect that whatever is not in consonance with reason is not law. Yet, the ordinary layman will not hesitate to insist that the Supreme Court judges have made egregious asses of themselves. To hold that a law of this kind "tends to degrade workingmen" is refined nonsense. It leads no more to degradation than do laws regulating mortgages and conveyances of property, or laws prohibiting the charging of usurious interest rates. In some way or other, all legislative acts touching private rights and relations concern themselves with the imposition of

certain restrictions upon the liberty of contract. But no competent court would dare to annul them on considerations of that kind. The Indiana law requiring the weekly payment of wages was eminently just and politic, and no amount of judicial hair-splitting and sophistry can prove it to be otherwise. If the Indiana Supreme Court is really anxious to preserve the workingman's freedom of contract, it cannot possibly do it in any better way than by upholding all laws aiming at an increase in the workingman's economic independence. The workingman who receives his wages every week is undoubtedly in better position to make use of his constitutional freedom of contract than is his brother who has to wait two weeks or a full month before he can expect compensation for his services. The shorter the interval between wage-payments, the greater the freedom of contract. Strange that there still are judges who cannot get this into their heads.



## Ill-Advised Mr. Archer

ONE of England's dramatic critics, Mr. William Archer, is advocating the establishment of a "critical court of honor." In an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, he says: "There is no safety-valve for the misunderstandings and resentments which, in an imperfect world, cannot but arise, from time to time, between artists and critics." On this he bases his demand for a court of honor for critics. He believes that such a tribunal would make scandalous clashes between artists and critics impossible for the future. If Mr. Archer were as competent a critic of his own ideas as he is of those of others, he would at once see that they are utterly preposterous and chimerical. A tribunal of the kind he clamors for would be looked up to with deference only by its own members. An opinion handed down by it would no more prevent difference of opinion than do present methods. No hard-and-fast rules or definitions can be applied to artistic endeavor and achievement. It is inconsistent with the ideals of art permanently to abide by fixed definitions. Take, for instance, the dramatic unities of the Greeks. For many centuries they were regarded as indispensable to the drama. Yet, to-day, they are constantly set aside with impunity. It was Shakespeare who broke the spell and introduced different conceptions of the art dramatic. If Mr. Archer has any truly artistic feelings and ideals at all, he will reconsider and forever drop his notions of a tribunal arbitrating between artists and critics. Art is individual, and so is criticism. Systematization would be death to both.



## Some Stray Thoughts

SADNESS, says an English writer, has ever been the keynote of the world's master literature. This may be admitted without dispute. Pagan as well as Christian writers have dwelled upon the littleness of human life and the uncertainties of destiny. Melancholy underlies even the blithe courage of the Greek. We find Homer brooding over the leaves swept hither and thither even as the destinies of mortals. We find Virgil ever conscious of the "doubtful doom of human kind." We find it in the sad challenge of the gods upon the questioning lips of Euripides. Even the mocking, skeptical, debonair Horace we find penetrated by the merciless message of the gliding years. Goethe's "worship of sorrow" we find in Robert Louis Stevenson's "Virginibus Puerisque;" in the lines "Written in his Bible the night before his Execution" by Sir Walter Raleigh, and in the "Morality" of Matthew Arnold. We would fain make ourselves believe that life is a joyous affair. Yet it is, at bottom, infinitely sad, infinitely uncertain. We laugh a little and love a little and hate a little as we sail idly between the "two eternities." Ever we are impressed with the

truth of Giacomo Leopardi's words, "*l'infinita vanità del tutto.*"



## Mile Report

GENERAL MILES' report on conditions in the Philippine Islands does not furnish pleasant reading. It confirms at least part of what has been rumored all along about the cruel maltreatment of natives. The National Administration has done well in publishing General Miles' report. Nothing can be gained by hiding true conditions or shielding misconduct and crime. The public needs and wants the facts. It does not like to be misled or misinformed. If any military commanders, or civil officials have abused their authority, and maltreated and oppressed the natives, justice should be meted out to them promptly and rigorously. In that way only can we gain the confidence and loyalty of the Filipinos and convince them that we are really concerned in their condition and future, that we mean what we say, and are not thinking of giving them a government that is in no essential different from that which Dewey shot to pieces in Manila Bay, five years ago.



## IN THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS

BY RALPH J. ROEDER.

"TICKETS for two," said the Honorable Jimmy Henerty, with such a decided accent on the "two" that the bald-headed ticket-seller peered out of his little wicket to see why this young man should be so proud to be buying tickets for that number.

When he looked, his eyes met those of "somebody" standing by Jimmy's side, and thereupon "somebody" blushed and the ticket-seller smiled and pushed out the two pieces of pasteboard with a knowing nod of his head.

The Honorable Jimmy took the tickets with all the dignity worthy of the newly elected member of the House of Delegates from the 'steenth ward, and presented them to the gatekeeper with becoming gravity. But "somebody's" lips had formed in just the suggestion of a pout, and no sooner were she and Jimmy inside the Fair Grounds than she said, "It's a wonder if they didn't hear that 'two' of yours out on the Skinker Road, Jimmy."

"What if they did," rejoined the Honorable James, "I'm not ashamed of it."

"Oh, of course not, I know, but that ticket-man smiled so funny."

"He's envious, that's all," interrupted Jimmy, "and I would be, too, if I was him."

"Now, Jimmy, you did enough blarneying coming out on the car."

"Sure, Madge, and if the Blarney stone itself was to speak, it couldn't say anything but the truth about you."

"Thank you, Delegate Henerty," said Madge with a mock curtesy, "and what's your opinion of the weather this morning?"

"I believe, Miss Rohan," he replied, imitating her manner, "that the old man in the sun kissed the Blarney stone himself this morning, and is shining so brightly with the intent of blarneying the whole world into believing that it's heaven instead of a big ball of dirty mud with a couple of hundred million two-legged ants crawling around on it, and one angel with blue eyes and black hair, and a name that begins with 'M,' and—"

"Stop!" commanded the angel. "You ought to be observing the wonders of the great Louisiana Purchase Exposition instead of talking rubbish. Sure, Jimmy, you never saw a finer sight than that."

They had reached the head of the Grand Basin, and before them lay one of the greatest pictures that man ever wrought. The blue expanse of the basin, broken here and there by the graceful outlines of a gondola, formed the prospective for the mass of shim-



mering, flashing water of the Cascades. Above the Cascades rose the graceful outlines of the Terrace of the States, while crowning it all, set on high like a great white gem, the pure classic outlines of the Palace of Fine Arts stood out in beautiful relief against the deep green trees at its back.

Small wonder that when everyday, prosaic Jimmy Henerty gazed on the scene as it was bathed in the golden sunlight of that glorious June morning, he said softly, "Sure, Madge, I wish I was a poet."

In the midst of his rapture, Jimmy was suddenly aware of some one grasping his hand and telling him to "come out of his pipe dream."

"Oh, it's you, Mr. McGuire," said Jimmy, surveying the large, coarse-looking man who confronted him. "What brought you out here?"

"The Transit Company," answered McGuire, with a loud burst of laughter at his rich joke. "I suppose you mean why did I come?" He tried to look very wise and very sly at the same time, which mixture did not agree with his rather beery style of beauty. "I came out here to find you. I was down at your office and the boy said you was taking a holiday at the Fair, so I butted out here and hit the Pike first and you wasn't there, so I trots down here and finds you the first thing, sleepin' so you don't know nobody."

"I am sorry I didn't see you sooner, Mr. McGuire," said Jimmy.

"Oh, that's all right, I just wanted to have a couple of quiet words with you. But I notice you're entertaining a lady friend just now, and I'm not the fellow to cut out another man's fun, so I'll say 'ta-ta' now, and see you after lunch. Say at two o'clock in the northwest room of the Art Palace—that suit?"

"I'll be there," said Jimmy.

"All right, don't get to dreaming any more," and McGuire strutted away. He had a right to strut, he was the most powerful politician in St. Louis.

"I am glad you didn't think it necessary to introduce me to your friend, Jimmy," said Madge, "I don't like his looks."

"Neither do I, nor his manner. But it wouldn't do for me to tell him so. That's 'King' McGuire, one of the boodlers that was not swept out when Folk cleaned house two years ago. He used to run a little livery stable up in North St. Louis and many a time I've seen him currying a horse with his own hands. But he got into politics about six years ago and now he is worth half a million."

"How did he get it?" asked Madge, innocently.

"I don't know, and I wouldn't ask McGuire to tell me."

"And what does he want to see you about?"

"I don't know, and I wouldn't ask McGuire to tell me," repeated Jimmy.

"You don't mean—"

"No, I don't mean anything. Where McGuire's concerned, it isn't safe."

"I'd like to hear what he will say to you."

"There isn't much danger. I'll bet he didn't choose the northwest room in the Art Palace by chance; that's not McGuire's way. Let's stroll over and see what the place looks like. I don't believe I have ever been in that part."

It was still in the early days of the Exposition and an indulgent management was holding a certain rather detached section of the Art Palace open for a delayed exhibit of Hungarian statuary. The room was, perhaps, forty feet square and bare of anything except a single statue of a nun temporarily placed in the center.

"Oh, but McGuire's a genius," laughed Jimmy, as they stood in the doorway. "There's not a safer place on the grounds for him to talk 'business.' Nobody ever thinks of coming in here, and if walls have ears these walls would need long distance telephones to hear what is being said in the middle of the room."

"It's small respect he has for religion to want to talk his dirty politics before the statue of a nun," said Madge, gazing at the beautiful life-sized figure. The nun was represented as kneeling in prayer, with her hands devoutly before her face and her white mantle covering her head and entire figure.

"I know old Mrs. Tolliver, the janitress of this section," laughed Madge, "and I would like to have her put a figure of old Nick there to greet McGuire when he comes in, instead of the nun."

"Oh, let's forget about McGuire," said Jimmy. "We've got a good hour before lunch time, and we'll see the fishes in the building next to the Government Building, where there is that handsome soldier boy that you wanted to flirt with, until you found he was wax."

"I did nothing of the kind," exclaimed Madge, and she gave him a scolding as they walked toward the Fisheries Building.

They saw the fish and the wax soldier boy, and a hundred other things, and finally—tired, happy and hungry—sat down in the restaurant at the right end of the Terrace of the States and had what Jimmy declared was "the most delicious meal he ever ate." It was one o'clock when they finished, and Madge immediately informed Jimmy that he could take her over to the Textiles Building, and she would spend the afternoon there with her friend, Miss Hall, who had charge of an exhibit of laces.

"But I don't have to meet McGuire until two o'clock," protested Jimmy.

"Never mind, you go over to the Electricity Building and study those dynamos and things until then. After you have done with McGuire you can come and get me at the Textiles Building and tell me all about it. Now go like a good little boy."

Jimmy went obediently forth with a long face and was soon wandering around among the "dynamos and things." But he did not see much. He had begun to have a suspicion of what McGuire was so anxious to see him about, and it worried him. On the stroke of two, however, he stepped blithely into the main door of the Art Palace and saw McGuire's heavy figure preceding him in the direction of the northwest room. He hastened his steps and entered the appointed room not two seconds behind the boss.

When they reached the center of the room, McGuire turned, "I see you're Johnny-on-the-spot," he said, well satisfied. "We've got this place to ourselves, and if any hoosiers come rubbering in the door, I'll throw them a hint that they're not wanted." He rested his right elbow on the base that supported the figure of the nun, took out a long, black cigar and placed it, unlighted, in his mouth. Then he shoved his hat far back on his head, placed his left hand deep in his pocket, and half closed his eyes.

Jimmy knew that attitude, and so did every other politician in St. Louis. It meant that the fox, the pig, and the bull-dog in McGuire's nature were banding for action. "I was drinking down at Sheehan's with some of the boys this morning," began the big boss, quietly, "when I heard something that made me quick-step out to find you, wherever you was."

"What did you hear?" asked Jimmy.

"That you was going to vote against Holchman's Switch Privilege Bill when it comes up to-morrow night."

"I am."

"What's your reason?"

"I believe that's it's dangerous to build a switch and run trains across a street only half a block away from a public school."

"'Fraid of the kids getting run over, eh?"

"Yes."

"Wouldn't the railroad have to pay damages every time? That would make 'em careful, wouldn't it?"

"What's five thousand or even ten thousand a year for damages?" said Jimmy. "The switch will be worth twenty thousand to the company the first six months it's built; and," he added, "twice that much to the undertakers."

"You talk like a dude reformer," exclaimed McGuire, disgustedly. "I thought you was smart, even if you was a kid; that's why I let 'em nominate you; but you must have been going to Sunday school or smoking dope lately. What's wrong with your thinker?"

"Nothing that I know of."

"Well, then set it to working right now on what I'm going to tell you. You've got to vote for Holchman's bill. First, for the good of the party. Second, because I say so. If you don't, I'll see that you get the grandest bounce that any fellow in St. Louis ever got. I'll fix it so that you couldn't run for dog-catcher. If you do vote for it, I'll O. K. your name on the next slate and the railroad company will give you a nice Christmas present the day after the bill's signed. That's the proposition. I never had to hit a man with it so plain in my life, but I've given it to you straight."

"McGuire," said Jimmy, quietly, "If you were worth it, I'd knock you down."

"No, you wouldn't," replied the boss, coolly, "it wouldn't pay you. I never seen a fellow take it as hard as you," he continued, "and I've broke a good many in in my time. But you're excited now and don't understand that you can't buck against 'King' McGuire and the whole party, without committing suicide. I'm going to stand here for ten minutes and let it soak through your head and then see what you say."

"I don't need ten minutes!" cried Jimmy, excitedly.

"No, you need twenty, but I haven't that much time," said McGuire, complacently, taking out his \$1,500 watch.

"Mr. McGuire," said Jimmy, "you have offered me a bribe in pretty plain terms and also threatened me."

"Yes, call it that if you like," interrupted McGuire. "But it ain't the first time, James, and I've had some men that kicked almost as hard as you, but they was never in a position to squeal without hurting themselves worse than me, and I was never careless enough to have a witness hanging round."

"But you've got one this time!" cried an indignant woman's voice, and the white-robed figure of the nun rose up from its pedestal and leaped to the floor.

McGuire gave a wild bellow of terror and rushed from the room. But Jimmy caught the trembling figure in his arms and cried: "Oh, darling, but you gave me a start!"

"I couldn't help it, I got so mad at last—Oh, Jimmy, you're a hero!"

"No, Madge, it's you that is a heroine and genius together. You have saved my political life. But how did you work it?"

"It was easy," said Madge, "I got you out of the way, first, by sending you to the Electricity Building, then I came over and let Mrs. Tolliver, the janitress, into my scheme. She had the figure of the real nun removed to the next room, and, provided with a sheet and a pair of white gloves from my friend in the Textiles Building, I took its place on the pedestal. But do you think McGuire will do anything now?"

"We'll see," laughed Jimmy, in a way that showed little anxiety.

Holchman's Switch Privilege Bill lacked one vote of passing, and the "wise" ones waited to see McGuire's thunder descend upon the head of Delegate James Henerty. But it never did, for the big "King" stood in mortal terror of a blue-eyed little woman, five feet four inches high, who was Delegate Henerty's "particular friend."



## CAPTAIN BLAKE'S STORY

BY JOHN H. RAFFERTY.

It must be true that the average detective has no appreciation of the romantic, but not for the reason which you suppose. I must admit that most of the secret officers I have known were men of narrow intellects and halting fancy—not at all like the fictional heroes of Dr. Doyle and M. Gaboriau. The reason for this disappointing fact is that a man of sane imagination, with a reasonable amount of originality, cannot afford to be a detective at 20 pounds the week. And, mark you, my idea of the quality called variously "shrewdness," "insight," "knowledge of human nature" and so forth is nothing better than the faculty of sane imagination.

In the few really meritorious captures I have made, reason has been no more helpful than fancy. A literal fellow may make an ideal policeman, but a talent for mental romancing is essential to a good detective. In my case, for instance, it was the imaginative faculty that first drove me into the service and later became responsible for whatever exceptional service I have done for the law. My father, who was a preacher, disinherited me for fighting a wholly unnecessary duel with the son of a Justice at Leeds, and, being hard pushed for a method of earning a livelihood, in spite of a fair education, I drifted into the service which has since become a habit as well as a passion with me.

It was old Dunstan who drilled me in the profession—I always call it a profession because there's no money in it, you know—and he wasn't "old Dunstan" in those days by a good thirty years, but a handsome, lithe, incessantly alert young fellow with as pretty a notion of his business as I've seen or read of. Well, Dunstan had a sweetheart up in Cheapside and when he saw that I was "a comer"—as he put it—he took a great fancy to me and insisted that I go out and visit her. He wanted to show her off, perhaps, for he was uncommon proud of her—(married her and all that)—but I've always suspected that it was Mary—her name was Mary Hereford, put him up to fetching me. You see she had a friend, a chum, Jane Cassatt, who worked in the same glovery and I think I was the subject of a match-making plot.

However that may be, I fell easily into the trap, for I had no sooner set eyes upon Miss Cassatt than I was figuring on going back to my father, studying for the ministry and setting up a home of my own. Indeed she was a striking young woman with the airs of a benignant Marchioness, for all her homespun gowns and demure manners. Her hair was red—not gold-red, nor bronze-red, nor "spun copper," nor any kind of red that I have seen or read about. Just light-red, very fine and plentiful, and done into coils and plaits that made a wondrous frame for her pale, beautiful face. But it was her eyes, I think, that wrought upon me most, for they were big and brown, with a firelight in them, and she had a trick with her eyelids that made mysteries for your guessing. The kind of a woman that wins you first and then torments you; a silent woman whose smile may mean everything or nothing. Not at all like a shop-girl was Miss Cassatt, and yet Dunstan told me that she was a rare hand at her trade and "very saving."

But this isn't a love story, and I may as well go on to the beginning of the lively incidents, as I might call them. There had been a number of daring robberies attempted and effected in the neighborhood of the Trafalgar monument and I was assigned, under general orders, to keep a lookout along the Square. It had been dull duty for a week or two, but at last one day, just as I was crossing towards the corner where Heberer's jewelry shop and goldsmithy stood, I was attracted by cries of "Police! Police!" and saw the

mob swarming around the entrance to the Heberer establishment. The crossingmen and Sergeant Hanley were already on hand when I pushed through the crowd to find Mr. Heberer, vastly excited and eager to let us into his place. While the Bobbies beat off the crowd, Hanley and I, Heberer having unlocked the door for us, went in to hear his story.

It was not yet 10 o'clock in the morning and there were not more than five people in the store. Heberer quickly indicated a fashionably dressed man and woman as the objects of his suspicion and said that he had, within the past fifteen or twenty minutes, been robbed of a diamond necklace worth two thousand pounds. The circumstances were as follows: Two days previously the suspected man—his name was Elmer Felton—had come into the shop to look over set diamonds with a view to purchasing a present for his wife. He had indeed bought and paid for a handsome cluster ring, which he had left to be sent to the Hotel Hanover, where he and his wife were living. The wife had accepted the bauble, but sent back by the messenger a note saying that she and her husband would return to exchange the ring for one that would fit her finger better. In fulfillment of this promise they had come that morning and exchanged the ring for one of equal cost.

Having made their selection, the Feltons had then asked to see some diamond necklaces. It was Heberer's habit, and, indeed, a common precaution amongst the proprietors of that neighborhood, to walk up and down the aisle while salesmen were displaying costly gems and jewelry. Here, as in other shops of the kind, a signal word of warning was passed amongst the employees each morning, like the password in a fortress, to be used only in case of an attempt at robbery. The word at Heberer's that morning was "Dixey," and while the master of the place, his hands behind him, was walking up and down the aisle, he heard the clerk who was waiting upon the Feltons, cry "Dixey" in a loud and unmistakable tone.

Heberer had run at once to the front door, stepped into the vestibule outside, locked the door behind him and called the police. There was no other exit from the store, as we all knew, and although several minutes elapsed between the first call for police till Hanley, the crossingmen and I arrived, it seemed absolutely certain that the thief must be yet in the store and the diamond necklace safe. I forgot to mention that, as I was pushing my way through the crowd about the door to reach Heberer, I saw Miss Cassatt who, I suppose, had been caught in the sudden rush of curiosity seekers. She saw me, too, frowned and smiled at the same time, and struggled out of the melee with the very briefest and, I thought, prettiest, nod of recognition. I had an instant's hesitation as to whether I would go to her aid or follow Heberer into his store, but under the conditions, as I've told you, chose the latter course. I was very anxious to make a famous catch in those days and the jeweler had no sooner explained the value of the missing necklace than I congratulated myself upon my fortunate arrival in the very nick of time.

The clerk who had been waiting upon the Feltons, a very acute and direct sort of fellow, quickly explained the circumstances of the supposed theft. Having fitted a ring to Mrs. Felton's finger, she had asked to see some diamond necklaces. Two were brought from the safe and then a third; then two others. Felton had spoken once to Mr. Heberer as the latter walked past, asking something about the carving of a clasp in one of the necklaces, but no fourth party had come near. The woman had handled each of the five strings of diamonds, had passed them along the velvet cushion upon which they were shown and had not been careful not to lay one upon the other. Mr. Felton, however, had, so far as the clerk

could remember, handled only one of the necklaces and then only to show it to the proprietor of the store in order to ask him about the carving on the clasp. A few moments later, Mrs. Felton said that she could not decide as to which ornament she liked best, but they would come back the following day and take one or another. At that moment the clerk suddenly became aware that there were but four necklaces in sight. To make sure, he lifted them separately from the cushion and cried "Dixey," with the results already described.

The missing valuable was probably the third that had been fetched from the safe; both Heberer and the clerk were sure it was the same that Felton had handled. From the moment that he gave the alarm the clerk had not taken his eyes off the suspected couple. They had looked a bit surprised when he cried out the alarm, but evidently, suspecting nothing, had walked leisurely towards the door only to find it locked and Heberer outside calling "Police!" Turning to the clerk, Felton asked what had happened, and the latter, who had drawn his revolver, had said: "You will hear presently," and offered them chairs.

Hanley and I quickly agreed upon what seemed to both of us the only logical mode of procedure. It seemed certain that Felton must have the necklace in his pocket, so I took him aside and explained the necessity of searching him. He was indignant, of course; said he was an American citizen, handed me his card; explained that he was a Baltimore banker and demanded the treatment due to a gentleman of wealth and good breeding. I had taken him into Heberer's little private office, and explained that there was no way he could avoid a search; if he refused to be searched there, I must take him to prison where he would, perhaps, be subjected to much ruder and more scandalous usage. He saw the sense of my argument at last and I searched him thoroughly.

That means that I made him take off every stitch of clothing; that I turned pockets and linings inside-out, that I pricked his hat full of pin-holes and stuck my knife into every inch of leather in his shoes. I had to get a tailor at last to make him presentable, but I didn't find the necklace. Hanley sent one of the Bobbies for Mrs. Janis, the matron at the Exeter station, who came down in a fly and put Mrs. Felton through the same ordeal that I had put upon her husband and with the same result or rather lack of result. Then we searched the other three customers who had been caught in the store, though that was a mere precaution, and wound up the day's work at 4 o'clock in the afternoon by ransacking the garments, hats, shoes and personal belongings of each of the four clerks and even the proprietor himself. We made everybody stay in the store; had tiffin brought in for them; pulled down the shades and put up the shutters; sent dispatches to Baltimore to ask about "Elmer Felton"; went over the store's stock of diamonds; picked over the contents of every drawer, box, shelf, package, and corner in the store; crawled by turns over every board and crack in the floor and wound up at midnight with not a hint nor a sign of the lost necklace. Absolutely nothing but the certainty that it had disappeared.

You may be sure I felt pretty cheap when I went before old Boardman that night to report. But, as usual, he gave me no inkling of his theory of the robbery. I told him how well the Feltons had behaved, even helping us search the store when they were sure that they would be released at midnight. Did they know anyone in London? No; they had been there but a fortnight. A cablegram from Baltimore arrived the next morning fully corroborating Felton's assertions. He was a wealthy young banker, married a year and enjoying a postponed honeymoon in Europe. His wife was the only daughter of a Federal Judge; eminent, rich, respected. The description of Felton



of Baltimore tallied all right with my Felton. I had mistaken my man. Up to the time I read that dispatch from Baltimore I felt sure that Felton had, somehow, tricked me. I never suspected his wife. She was an impressively winsome creature. You see, I was yet young and, being gently nurtured, the sense that I had mistreated these people stung me.

It was two days before I could get that Heberer robbery out of my mind long enough to think of Jane Cassatt. If there was any doubt as to the attitude of my heart towards that young woman before, there could be none after I had told her of my failure in the first great case of my career. Her accidental presence in the Square just at the time of the robbery may have lent an extraordinary personal interest to the affair, but it wasn't enough to account for her sympathetic and absorbed interest in my connection with the case. She was eager to praise my work, keen to share my chagrin, full of words of encouragement, suggestion, hope that, if I persisted, I might yet catch the thief. She saw that my heart was in my profession and I saw that the woman who could so appreciate the calling I had chosen must be the one woman in the world for me. I made up my mind that night that I would have her for myself, and as I went home I planned the very speech I would make to her the next day. I always thought that old Boardman meant to save my feelings when he sent me after O'Ryan, the Irish dynamiter, but, at any rate, he took me off the Heberer robbery next day, put Dunstan in charge of it, and gave me a roving commission to follow O'Ryan wheresoever he went. I sailed on the morning packet for Calais without a word with Jane and no more good-bye than a poor penman can put in a short letter. I wrote to her from Paris, Berlin, Metz, Vienna, Rome and God-knows-where, but at last I rounded up in New York without a word from her.

I had O'Ryan well-planted in a Third avenue lodging house, and was strolling up Broadway one day when whom should I see sauntering up the street but Felton—Elmer Felton, banker, sometime of Baltimore, but late of the Hanover Hotel, London. I don't know why I followed him, for my mind was long since made up that I had grievously misjudged him, but follow him I did, loitering across Washington Square when I saw him enter a florist's shop. He came out in a few moments with a lady, he pinning a spray of violets in his lapel and she sniffing at a small hand-bouquet. If the woman had been his wife, I might have turned away towards the Bowery, but, though I couldn't see her face, I knew at a glance that the woman with Felton was another. I followed them. They stopped at a fruit stand around the corner in Thirty-second street, and when they turned back into Broadway, I could see that the easy-going, democratic Felton was munching an apple. Just below Herald Square, I believe it was Greeley Square then, they turned into a fashionable jewelry store. I was thinking that they must be very fond of diamonds, and a shade of the old suspicion was creeping back into my mind when I saw, coming towards me a dirty-faced, dissolute-looking woman with a basket on her arm and a stick in her hand. She was edging along the curb picking from the gutter upon the point of her cane such cigar stubs as the boot-blacks and newsboys had overlooked.

A little out of her place in fashionable Broadway, she was not an unusual type of the street-life in New York, but something in her face, or carriage, struck me as familiar and, strangely enough, reminded me of the Heberer robbery near Trafalgar Square in London nearly a year before. I turned into a doorway. She paused a moment at the curb in front of the jewelry store into which Felton and his companion had disappeared. Just then I saw an apple-core tossed into the street; the scavenger saw it, too, for it had no

sooner struck the asphalt than she had pounced upon it and was making off at a quick pace down the street. I can't explain what it was that prompted me; what vague yet sudden suspicion; what unreasoning inspiration; what indescribable cunning or what blundering luck, but I stepped quickly after the retreating woman and before she knew I was beside her, I had snatched the apple core from her hand. She didn't say a word, but scowling at me and edging forward, almost ran down the pavement. At the corner I saw a policeman, told him I was Blake of Scotland Yard, and asked him to take the woman into custody. It was done in a moment, and I had left him and was running back to the jewelry store. This time I did not hesitate about entering, for I had picked open the apple-core as I ran and found within it a large, unset diamond of great lustre and value.

I was almost prepared for the scene in the store, for the suave clerk had already missed the stone and, with white face, trembling hands and muttered warnings to his helpers to "watch the door," was already searching for the diamond. Felton was helping him (he was such an amiable chap!), but I was not prepared to meet the woman whom he had brought from the florists!

It was Jane Cassatt, and she knew me and went livid the instant she saw me! I saw that her hair was black now, instead of the light red of the glover's clerk I had known and—yes, I *had* loved her—but there was no mistaking those velvet-brown eyes nor that queenly poise of her round and slender neck. I arrested Felton before he recognized me, and we had to lock the doors to keep Jane from running away. I had the diamond identified and took the clerk with me in the carriage with the "Feltons" to Mulberry street, where my scavenger, who had picked up the precious apple-core, was already immured. Of course, there's no need to explain the apple-diamond robbery. It was new then, but it's old now; just the trick of eating an apple while you finger the gems; thrust your choice into the fruit and toss it into the street where your confederate is waiting. It's very simple, but you can't get a diamond necklace worth ten thousand dollars into an apple-core and, you see, I was still worrying about that Heberer case of mine. I'll make the story short.

First: My Elmer Felton was not Felton of Baltimore at all, but a clever thief from Sydney, New South Wales, who had found out all about him, looked a bit like him and followed him across Europe as long as he could utilize his name and standing. Jane Cassatt (my Jane—it makes me laugh now!) was the thief's sister, very beautiful and very bad, with a fondness for red wigs. The other woman was the best of the lot—the wife of my diamond thief, and the one who had been lured by the Cassatts into the very shadow of a penal jail. But it was Jane—what a cool Harpy she was!—who explained the Heberer robbery to me.

"You detectives are so stupid," she laughed, chaffing me one day just before she went to Sing Sing. "You searched Jerry," (Jerry Cassatt was her brother, dead now, but the smartest thief I ever met)—"you searched Jerry and you searched his wife! You searched the clerks and you searched the customers! You ransacked the store and pried up the flooring! My, what a lot of stupid work! Do you remember seeing me in the crowd that morning outside Heberer's shop? Yes? And it never occurred to you that I had that diamond necklace in my pocket before you even knew what had happened?"

"You? How did you get it?" I asked, doubting her bravado.

"Why I took it out of old Heberer's pocket!"

A glimmer of light began to dawn upon me, but I said nothing.

"Can't see it, eh?" she sneered. "Aren't there any

night schools for detectives? Can't you see that Jerry just slipped that necklace into the proprietor's own pocket? Don't you know that the minute a London goldsmith misses anything he locks the doors and goes out to call the Bobbies? A crowd gathers, doesn't it? It isn't hard to pick a man's coat-pocket in a crowd is it? Now, do you see, you booby? I had that string of sparks in my pocket before the first policeman got near him. The old 'squeeze' comes out and yells 'Police!' doesn't he? The crowd rushes up to see the fun. I'm in the crowd and I get pushed right up against him. I snatch the sparks—"

But why prolong this exposition of my own defeat, my own disillusionment, my own fatuity. No. I never took her back to England. Jerry died in Sing Sing, and when Jane got out—well, I just tried to forget her. She was very beautiful and very clever. I said she was very bad. Perhaps that wasn't quite fair. She may have reformed.



## ANCIENT AND MODERN ART

BY CHAS. T. STOELTING.

AT the time of Pericles and Aspasia the inhabitants of Attica were a nation of artists. Drawing was taught in every school and was considered as important a discipline as reading and writing. The Parthenon, unsurpassed by any masterpiece of architecture, ancient or modern, was then being built; all the habits of life, the grand theatrical displays, the very costumes of the people, the outdoor life of the citizens, the education and training in their gymnasia, tended to cultivate the mind and train the eye for the due appreciation of the human form divine. Caricature was ostracized and ugliness in every shape or form banished—is it a wonder the Athenian was a civilization never again attained? We must not forget, however, that all antique culture was founded upon slavery. The citizens of Athens and, later, of Rome could well afford to devote themselves to art, philosophy and statesmanship, while the busy hands of their slaves earned their sustenance on the fields. In Athens, works of art were considered a meritorious service for public welfare and progress, and when old or poor, the artist became a free pensioner of the republic for life. The calling of an artist was indeed to be envied. He was proclaimed a favorite of the gods, he was respected as an extremely useful citizen; favored by the beautiful climate and highly picturesque surroundings, his soul could drink in beauty at every step; by the simple and natural mode of life, in the society of equals, people dressed in plain but tasty and healthful garments, he had the immense advantage over modern artists to grow as familiar with the beauty of form generally as we are to-day with the beauty of face and hands. Think of the Greek footgear, for instance, and compare their often richly embroidered sandals with our clumsy boots and shoes! As a natural consequence, the Greek foot was never deformed, and feet and ankles were often adorned like hands and wrists are at present.

The remnants of highest Greek art, which escaped, as by a miracle, the destruction of time, accident and barbarians, have found a new abode mainly in the museums of the Vatican and capitol in Rome, in the British museum in London, in the Louvre at Paris and in the galleries of Berlin, Munich, Florence, Naples and Athens. All of it is sculpture, excepting a few mosaics, of which the most remarkable is the battle of Alexander. Greek paintings have not escaped destruction, and only Pompeii and Rome give us a true idea of antique mural decorations. Although we know by historical tradition that the Greeks admired most their statues wrought of ivory and gold, like the statue of Zeus in Olympia, by Phidias, and Athene of the Par-



thenon—not the Athene Promachos outside of the temple, whose golden spear and helmet greeted from afar the distant ship—those marble statues, which are the boast and greatest treasures of the galleries mentioned, we may well deem fair specimens of highest Grecian art and one of them would be sufficient to demonstrate their high merit. The Venus of Milo in the Louvre, the satyr of Praxiteles in the capitol, the Venus of Medici in Florence, the Hercules Farnese of Naples, the Antinous and Hermes of the Vatican, the Apollo of Belvedere are familiar to every cultivated mind.

Many more of these masterpieces of art may yet be found in the ruins of ancient cities and at the bottoms of river and sea.

Never shall I forget the moment in which I beheld, for the first time, the statue of Apollo in that sacred precinct of art, the octagonal room or so-called Belvedere in the Vatican! This is, indeed, the god Apollo Homer had before his mind's eye, the never missing archer with Ambrosian locks; stepping slightly forward, he appears as if just having shot the silver arrow aiming, as archaeologists explain, at the children of unhappy, overproud Niobe. But who can describe the ideal manly beauty, the nobility of form and face? It is an old poetical byword, to speak of "a figure like Apollo." Even the yellowish Penthelian or Parian marble, with its large grain, has a more natural and pleasing effect than the greenish, sugar-like marble of Carrara.

We observe as characteristic points of this and all antique statues of the same class, first: the poetical conception. The artist creates a form which fills the expectation of our fancy, prepared by the poet; we are not disappointed, we forget to criticise.

Second, if figures are represented in action or motion, the artist never forgets to moderate these, well aware that all extremity in motion or sentiment is ugly in appearance and leads to caricature. Even a smiling face will develop, by being made stationary in stone, into a hideous grin.

Third, the statue is equally beautiful from all sides and standpoints; the artist avoids picturesque effects wherever the latter are apt to disturb the harmony of lines.

Fourth, the supreme aim is beauty of form, which is not allowed to be hampered by drapery or other bywork; if drapery is used, it never hides the form entirely, but shows it as though seen through a transparent veil.

The strict observance of all these points results in the total effect of grand repose, which quiets our nerves and gives us the same joy at the first superficial survey as well as after the most prolonged study.

What has the art of sculpture, since this Apollo of Belvedere was created, to show of like beauty and grandeur? If ever the Greeks had a rival, it was Michel Angelo, with his statue of Moses, now at the church of San Pietro, in Vincoli, at Rome; if ever they had a true scholar, it was the great Dane, Berthel Thorwaldsen. In solving technical difficulties, the moderns may have surpassed them, as is shown, among others, by the veiled girl, caught in a rosebush, by Rossi, but, in all other respects, the Greeks will remain our teachers and models. How sadly the moderns deviate from the right way is demonstrated by their craving for picturesque effects at all cost. French art especially pleases itself with the most tortuous windings of legs and arms, reminding one of circus acrobats. Here we find extreme vehemence of motion, the runaway-effects of which shock the true spirit of art. But what of all technical perfection, which often rivals the natural petrefaction of flower baskets in the mineral waters of Karlsbad, if the artist becomes the photographer instead of the master of Nature? Yet, it would be unjust to blame the artists only, for the

public is more to blame than they. If the public would give their attention more to the fine arts, if the public would learn to appreciate them, new life would flow into the long neglected world of art and fire the energy and ambition of artists.

May our wealthy fellow citizens especially remember that not only *noblesse*, but *richesse*, oblige. We have in this city of St. Louis, if we except the parks, only one statue, that of U. S. Grant, in front of the city hall.



## THE MAGICRY OF SPRING

BY ROY FARRELL GREENE.

EMERALD-VESTURED Spring has come!  
In the copses pheasants drum,  
Jays and Cardinals hide-and-seek

Play along the wooded creek—  
Red-coat Tories, minute-men,  
Blue-clad, storm Spring's heights again!  
April, May, and rose-wreathed June  
Echo back the robin's tune.

In the orchard mourning-doves  
Coo no other note than Love's.  
Grackles, Swallows, Thrushes, Shrikes,  
Wrens and Warblers—little tykes—  
Bark and rootlets, grass and string,  
Pillage for the nests of Spring.

Vireos and Cat-birds, both  
Seek the low-hung ivy's growth;  
Orioles adventurous dare  
Swing their castles in the air;—  
Percy rambling with his lass  
Conjugates: "*Amo, amas!*"

Bold brown-belted bandit bees  
Rifle all the locust trees,  
Pilf'ring sweets with wanton greed.  
While, on pastured plain and mead,  
Daisy hearts and daffodil  
Pulse with wondrous chlorophyll.  
Buds a-burst and birds a-wing  
Speak the magicry of Spring.



## A BLESSED LIE

BY FRANCES PORCHER.

PREMATURELY gray and with lines in her face which seemed to cut deeper with every breath she drew, the mother sat silently and faced the family lawyer. Without was spring air and sunshine, the trill of birds and the breath of lilacs, within, in the darkened parlor, where the woman sat upright, holding her hands together in a tension that drove the blood in dark circles about the nails, while her eyes stared into vacancy; there was the hush of something that suggested death, but which was worse than death.

The man who faced her had spent a bad half-hour and now, with the oppression of this terrible atmosphere upon him, felt that he could stand no more.

He arose and steadied himself with the back of the chair, and once more tried to elicit a response from the silent figure before him.

"Don't take it this way," he said. "I know, Mary, that it is a shock in every way—to your pride most of all; but think how much worse it might be."

And then she raised her eyes: "How much?" she asked.

"Why, my God, the boy might be guilty—think of that!"

"Oh!" she said, and shuddered from head to foot.

It was something to have made her show feeling at all, and the lawyer pursued his advantage.

"As it is, nobody will look upon it as you do, for other people are not so rigid in adherence to their ideals of right. They think things are trifles that *you* hold as matters of life and death. Ever since we were children together, Mary, you have been this way; you are the stuff of which martyrs are made. I know your loyalty, your pride, your hopes for the boy, and your fears, but, my dear old friend, your boy is an individual and you cannot hope to build his character exactly as you would wish. He must learn his own lessons for himself, and he must look upon life through his own eyes. I admit that this is a terrible lesson, but, as I said, it might be so much worse. Don't look upon the horror of it, think of the joy that in your hands, *yours*, Mary, lies the power to save him."

"Mine?" she faltered.

The man drew an impatient breath: "Can I not make you understand?" he asked. "Must I go all over it again? Do you not see that, once it can be proven that Clarence was at home at 11 o'clock it could not have been he who killed Frank Carlton? Frank was in Tom Pearce's billiard hall at 11:30 and left there for home at that hour; his body, with a bullet through the heart, was found at 3 o'clock this morning; it was between 11:30 and 3 o'clock that the murder was committed, and examination of the body proved that death occurred several hours before it was discovered. I admit that circumstances are against Clarence. He admits that he and Frank, Will Jones and Claude Ramsey played euchre in Ramsey's carriage loft until 10 o'clock; that he accused Frank of cheating and they parted in anger at that hour, but after that he came home and went to bed. Now, you know the hour at which he returned and it lies with you to save him. I know how you feel about card playing—by George, Mary, I believe it about ranks with murder in your brain—and I know that to have the boy in jail on such a charge as this, or on any charge for that matter, is agony to your pride; but forget that; just be glad that you can save him from suspicion of the greater offense and then, old friend, forgive the boy the lesser. Come, he is wild over Frank's death; he seems to care less for the charge against him than for having parted in anger with his playmate and chum—come to the jail with me and comfort him; will you not come, Mary? He has no father; if Jack were alive he'd be there now; you are all he has—come!"

"I cannot," she said.

"But"—persisted the man—"can I not take him some message of comfort and love; tell him that this has been a shock, but that you will rally soon and come to him and stand by him to the end?"

"Tell him," she said, and her voice was cold and clear and passionless, "tell him that I will do my duty."

The lawyer reached for his hat; he recognized the futility of further effort. The woman was stunned with grief, he felt, and nature must react of herself. He held out his hand in which she mechanically placed hers.

"I will come for you at the proper hour," he said; "good-bye, old friend and—God be with you."

And then, after the gate had closed behind him, she arose and went to her room and locked the door. Once there, the icy calm broke and she sobbed and raged for a time like a mad woman. "I save him," she sobbed. "I, who know that it was 1 o'clock in the morning when he came home! Oh, God, why do women have children if *this* must be the end! He is mine, he is all I have; I almost gave my life in giving him his, and now I must send him to the gallows. Oh, God, whom I have worshiped all my life, whose



justice I have never questioned, whose laws I have never broken, can I not die! Is there no way, no way out of this agony and shame?" And then—so great is habit—this woman, who for years had taken every question of life to her Bible to settle, dried her tears and opened the book that, to her, had been always the "Way of Life." Her eyes fell upon the closing verse of a chapter in Revelation:

*"And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie."*

She hastily turned back the leaves and her eye caught in one place the words:

*"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."*

And again:

*"Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul."*

And then she closed the sacred pages. She had been denied the help she sought; she must settle the question for herself. The Holy Book gave her no middle way; she must tell the truth and destroy her boy or she must tell a lie and destroy her own soul. That was the sum and substance of her seeking.

In all her life she had never willfully told an untruth; in her rigid code there had never entered a provision for aught but the yea, yea, of response to right and the nay, nay, of response to wrong. Sooner than lie to save herself she would have cheerfully sung the "Gloria" at the stake nor heeded the pain of the flames in the exaltation of her soul.

But to save one's son, one's only son, one's only child—would it be so much a sin to lie? Her heart throbbed painfully and every throb seemed to repeat:—"neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie." Well, she would be shut out of heaven, she could never hope to meet Jack again—but, could she meet Jack anyhow and tell him that even for truth's sake she had destroyed his son?

Jack's son—her mind traveled back to the day that Jack had laid him in her weak and weary arms and had sobbed out his joy for mother and child upon her pillow. How happy his babyhood and childhood had been and how desolate had the earth become when Jack died. Then the dreadful days when, for the boy's sake, she had aroused herself from grief to pick up the burden of a double responsibility and be father and mother both to him. She had tried so hard to make him good—so hard. Perhaps she had been too stern; perhaps—and this was the first time that she had ever questioned the wisdom of her course—she might have yielded about the cards. If he had been free to play at home he might not have been in Ramsey's carriage loft upon that fatal night.

And then a great fear possessed her—what if she, his mother, in a mistaken loyalty to the letter of right, had jeopardized already the soul of her son! What could she do to atone? If a man could have no greater love than to lay down his life for his friend, could a mother not do more? Yea, even her soul could she give. It would be but a fair exchange after all—her soul for his.

And then she knelt beside her bed and prayed somewhat after this fashion:

"I cannot ask, Thee, God of Truth, to bless a lie; but if, in Thy scheme of mercy for the souls Thou hast created, there can be a chance for one who has uttered a willful lie under the greatest stress of a soul, I pray Thee, my Father, to grant to me that chance. Cut me not off utterly from Heaven and Thy presence and eternity with Jack. Amen."



A hush fell upon the crowded room as Mr. Granby tenderly led her before the coroner, and it was plainly felt that the sympathy of every one present was with the veiled mother whose oath was to clear or

condemn the boy under examination. The preliminary questions were put and then she was asked:

"At what hour did your son return home Wednesday evening?"

The miserable boy had not raised his eyes until this question was put, but then he looked up straight and full into his mother's face. She grew a trifle whiter, if possible, but quietly answered:

"At 11 o'clock."

"Have you any certain way of knowing, madam, that you made no mistake in the hour?"

"It is my habit to be the last one in my house to retire and Wednesday night I wound the clock at 11, just as I heard my son enter his room."

The words were spoken, dismissing the witness, and she had left the room when there was a stir and confusion of voices; the boy had dropped in the sheriff's arms in a dead faint.



The lilacs had ceased blooming and the yellow roses were dropping their golden shower when Clarence came back to a full realization of life again, to find himself with his mother bending over him.

"Have I been sick, mother?" he feebly asked.

"Yes, son, very sick for days, but now it is all right and you'll soon be well as ever."

Then his brow knit as though he were searching for some clue of memory and after a little he sighed a happy little sigh, and, reaching up for his mother's neck, he drew her closely to him. "Mother," he whispered, "I never knew how fine a thing a mother was until—until that dreadful day. I didn't know for sure that you loved me at all until then, and now I know that nobody, unless it's God, can love so much." And with that, he turned over and went to sleep.

It was several days before the boy was able to talk over matters with his mother, but when that time came, conditions between them seemed totally changed; the boy was manlier and the woman had lost the reserve which had fallen upon her in the years since she shouldered a father's duty in addition to a mother's.

"So it was Crazy Jim from the poor-house killed poor Frank," he said. "Ah, mother, you'll never know till you try it what an awful thing it is to be under suspicion of murder. But why don't you ask me where I really was from eleven to one that Wednesday night?"

The mother flushed painfully. She had told the lie, told it bravely and willfully and she knew that if it were to do over, she would tell it again, but never to her dying day could she be aught but ashamed of the act, and never could she feel other than that, even in her intention to save her son, she had lowered his ideal of her character.

"Why?" she repeated. "Because I am such a silly mother I suspect that nothing has mattered to me since but just the joy of having you alive and free. Besides I thought you'd tell me when you were ready."

"Well, I'm ready now," he said. "I was at home, under your window, lying in the grass, doing a lot of thinking that I am ashamed of now, and when I came in the house at 1 o'clock, I had made up my mind to slip out the next night and go to Mexico. I might as well tell you all about it while I'm at it. You see, I thought you were pretty hard on me, and didn't care for me much and maybe you'd be as happy without me."

"Oh, my boy!" the mother cried.

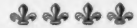
"There now; don't, mother," he went on, "or I cannot make a clean breast of it. I was sort of discouraged because it seemed like it was no use trying to do right things. I didn't gamble, I wouldn't play for money, but it seemed like you hated cards just as much when I played for fun, so I got to thinking you

were going to be that way about everything—and, well, I sort of gave up that night and didn't care, I guess, about anything. You see, I was tired of sneaking around in other fellows' houses and carriage lofts to do things that there wasn't any harm in."

The mother was weeping silently now, but the boy put his arm around her and went on: "And so, when they arrested me, I felt like I was at the end of things all around, but I wasn't sorry for anything but quarreling with Frank. I expected you to tell them I came in at 1 o'clock and I wasn't looking for anything but trouble, and I felt just mean and hard and bitter. And then, mother, when—when it happened as it did, it was like a new life had come to me. I saw I was all wrong; I saw what a deep, glorious, big thing my mother's heart could be. I saw you crucify yourself, mother, just for me and I couldn't stand it and—that's all."

It was the son who did the comforting now, and when his mother could speak, she said: "But you heard me tell a deliberate lie, Clarence; nothing can excuse the untruth itself."

"Ah, little mother, but it was such a blessed lie."



## A SPANISH INCIDENT

C. H. FORB.

IN these days, when a veritable plague of centennial literature afflicts the land, one has a sense of guilt in adding to the general burden even by remotest allusion—the poor public! And poor Louisiana!

And yet, well-threshed as the field has been, one episode has been overlooked—so far as the writer knows—the historical and dramatic quality of which entitle it to rescue from the limbo of oblivion into which it has apparently fallen.

A dangerous conspiracy affecting the welfare of a nation, in which the underground arrival of an accredited personage in a great city, a decree of secret arrest, and a midnight kidnapping on board a foreign vessel are features of the action; and which includes in its *dramatis personae* the able and accomplished governor of a province, Don Estavan Miro; a Capuchin Friar, Antonio de Sedella; Charles the Fourth, King of Spain, and Julius VI, pope of Rome, with "officers, grenadiers and attendants," combines dramatic elements, one would think, well worth the attention of our best illustrators, both line and letter press.

The scene is New Orleans. Time: *Anno Domini* 1791. Motif: the attempt to plant on Louisiana soil the Spanish Inquisition.

This may sound a trifle sensational; to some readers, improbable even; but the fact is historical, as attested by at least three historians of reputation.

Guayarré, who wrote about the middle of last century, gives the best account, though with a paucity of detail which leaves much to be desired. Guayarré was of Spanish descent. The same curious reserve characterizes the other accounts, however—bold statement, without explanation or comment, which leaves us to construct the situation, in great part, for ourselves. Will the historian ever appear with the industry and courage to get at and print all the facts of the case? True, it was a fiasco. But the story of fiascoes makes instructive, and, sometimes, amusing reading.

We will give Guayarré's version in full. It occurs in his history of Louisiana, a work of several octavo volumes.

"It appears that soon after the death of Charles III, who was far from being a bigoted king, an attempt was made to introduce the much dreaded tribunal of the Inquisition into the colony."



In this somewhat abrupt fashion, without preface or preamble, Guayarré begins his account of this unique event in American history. No date is given, but we know from the context that it was the year 1791, probably in the spring. The Spanish flag was floating over the Louisiana territory. Don Estavan Miro was its governor. Charles IV had lately succeeded his father, the "good and wise" Charles III, to the throne of Spain. The American republic was in its sixth year of existence and Washington had just been inaugurated the first President of the United States. The French revolution was well under way.

Under Spanish domination, as we know from history—or at any rate, from right centennial sources—the colonists still looked upon France as the mother country, uniting to this unswerving loyalty a deep distrust of Spain. Especially they disapproved of Spanish methods in America. When the news of the transfer from France to Spain became known to the colony in 1766—three years after the actual signing of papers (was Spain afraid to grasp her new possessions?)—the dissatisfaction had been intense, and quickly grew into a revolt of such proportions that it required General O'Reilly, with a force of 2,800 men and fifty guns of artillery, in the streets of New Orleans, to put it down. The newly-appointed Spanish Governor with the Irish name, who seems to have been a sort of Eighteenth century "Butcher Weyler," inaugurated a genuine reign of terror, and consternation seized the entire colony. The ringleaders of the uprising were arrested and executed, the list including such distinguished names as Lafrenière and Villère, the heroes of this episode, which has been handled with good effect by Maurice Thompson, among others, in his story of French colonial days.

The laws of Spain and the Indies were proclaimed, we are told, and the use of the Spanish language ordered in the courts and offices of the territory. Nevertheless, in spite of the autocratic course of "cruel O'Reilly," and the "more conciliatory" policy of his successors, Louisiana, throughout the thirty-eight years of Spanish domination, continued, in language, laws and customs, steadfastly French—with some American infusion from the States; and that indefinable something, whether of climate, environment, or what not, which differentiates French into Creole; which means intense love of liberty and intense intolerance of tyranny in all its forms.

Perhaps it was also, to a certain extent, a question of clashing temperaments—light, pleasure-loving Creole against sombre Spaniard. In matters religious, especially, the easy-going Creole ways were an offense to Spanish bigotry. The governors, in an effort to abate this "scandal," passed many stringent ordinances, we read, while, with the Spanish clergy, the animosity, or, perhaps, pious indignation, rose to such a height that an attempt—futile—was made in 1772 to drive the French clergy out of New Orleans, by the Bishop of Cuba, who sent over from Havana a body of Spanish friars for the purpose. But ordinances and exhortations alike failed of effect, affirm the old records. The Creoles declined to take their religion seriously—according to Spanish standards—and they were heart and soul with the revolution going on in the mother country across seas, that greatest struggle of the ages, of the new against the old.

It was under such unpromising conditions of soil and atmosphere that Charles IV, King of Spain, backed by the Pope, if the tale be true, conceived the precious project of transplanting mediæval and Spanish methods of coercion at the very threshold of the American Republic.

But in this poor attempt at reconstructing the historical *mise en scène*, we have kept M. Guayarré waiting far too long.

"The Reverend Capuchian, Antonio de Sedella," he continues, "who had lately arrived in the province, wrote to the Governor to inform him that he, the Holy Father, had appointed him Commissary of the Inquisition; that in a letter of the 5th of December last, from the proper authority, this intelligence had been communicated to him, and that he had been requested to discharge his functions with the most exact fidelity and zeal, and in conformity with the royal will. Wherefore, after having made his investigations with the utmost secrecy and precaution, he notified Miro that in order to carry, as he was commanded, his instruction into perfect execution in all their parts, he might soon, at some late hour of the night, deem it necessary to require some guards to assist him in his operations."—M. Guayarré is more at home in the French, his native tongue, though he has elected to write this work in English.—"Not many hours had elapsed," goes on the narrative, "since the reception of this communication by the Governor, when night came, and the representative of the Holy Inquisition was quietly reposing in bed, when he was roused from his sleep by a heavy knocking. He started up, and, opening his door, saw standing before him an officer and a file of grenadiers. Thinking that they had come to obey his commands, in consequence of his letter to the Governor, he said: 'My friends, I thank you and His Excellency for the readiness of this compliance with my request. But I have now no need for your services, and you shall be warned in time when you are wanted. Retire, then, with the blessing of God.' Great was the stupefaction of the Friar, when he was told that he was under arrest. 'What?' explained he, 'will you dare lay your hands on a commissary of the Holy Inquisition?'"

"I dare obey orders," replied the undaunted officer, and the Reverend Father Antonio de Sedella was instantly carried on board of a vessel which sailed the next day for Cadiz."

Here certainly is potential drama of a thrilling kind, though, to be sure, the dénouement is sprung with a suddenness rather suggestive of comic opera. But that is a detail, as Mark Twain would say.

In capable hands, with the usual love adjunct, and other necessary padding, one might go farther and fare worse in search of a historico-melodramatic *motif* than is supplied in this unvarnished tale of a truly diabolical plot.

In the sinister Holy Inquisitor de Sedella and the prompt and nervy Estavan de Miro, there is good character contrast. There is a fine stage flavor in the very names. The "undaunted officer" would make an excellent *jeune premier*, consumed with a more or less hopeless passion for a patrician Creole belle—with the usual accompaniment of balls, duels and other features of colonial life in the Crescent City.

Then, shifting the scene across seas to the palace of the king, the bigoted Charles IV, worthy successor of his bloody ancestor, Philip the Second: what midnight conferences, and despatching of secret emissaries, and gliding of cowed figures through the tortuous passages of the Escorial, that gloomy abode—half palace, half convent—of Spain's sinister royalty!

The Vatican itself might furnish a scene, at least a tableau or two. The historian Monette says that the Pope was back of the plot, though he doesn't express it that way. For instance: The Holy Father, Pope Julius VI, resolves upon the establishment of the Holy Inquisition in the Louisiana territory. Pope Julius VI bestows the Apostolic blessing upon the enterprise, and transmits final instructions through his nuncio to his beloved son, His Most Catholic Majesty, Charles IV of Spain—and so forth.

Julius VI is the Pope who suffered so severely at the hands of the revolutionists in the time of the

Directory. His apartments in the Vatican were invaded and plundered, the ring he wore pulled from his finger, and he, an old man of eighty, was dragged away to France, where he died in 1799. Ranke speaks of his "mildness of manner, dignity of appearance and grace of deportment."

Seriously considered, the incident which we have called Spanish, is full of suggestion. How very new—a thing of yesterday—is modern civilization! And our all-embracing sympathies are so limited and merely personal, after all. In Mexico and Peru the Inquisition, with all its dread paraphernalia of torture and rack and dungeon and stake, flourished throughout the Seventeenth century, and the *auto da fé* was celebrated in Lima and Vera Cruz with the same frequency almost, and the *éclat* which distinguished those peculiar church festivals in the palmy days of old Seville; and through almost the whole of the Eighteenth century the expiring Establishment still claimed its victims—slaying even as it died—but the recital of those old and new world atrocities disturbs us but little. To stir our incredulous wrath and horror, it needs, upon our own shores and among our own kith and kin, this recrudescence of the darkest tribunal of darkest Spain.

Whether the Inquisition would ever have obtained even a temporary footing in New Orleans is doubtful, though, perhaps, not impossible. Under other conditions, a Governor less able and fearless than Miro—all honor to his memory—some painful chapters might have been added to the story of Louisiana—complications arisen, changing the whole face of affairs, perhaps affecting even the Purchase itself.



## GLORIÆ CUPIDO

DO all men kindness, or do all men ill;  
Be free, be chaste, be anything you will,  
Only be mine, and mine once have no care  
Save but to shake those roses from your hair,  
And let me wreath instead this crown of bays;  
Then glut your lust of glory and of praise.



## A WIDOW'S RUSE

BY GILBERT DOYLE.

I HAD reached Monte Carlo in the morning, selected my hotel, and after an agreeable *dejeuner* had sauntered out to take my first fill of the sunshine. Already I had seen many familiar faces, and now, as I gently sank into a seat on the Casino Terrace, I wondered how long it would be before the most interesting young person I knew discovered my arrival in the gilded principality.

I was not kept long in suspense, for presently I heard a voice utter a little exclamation of surprise, and looking up, saw Miss Pattie Hetherton standing before me.

"Hugo Trench! What on earth are you doing here?"

"Oh, the usual thing!" I replied, with a nod at the Casino.

A smile dimpled over her face as she sat down beside me.

"It's hereditary," I continued, gloomily. "Have you ever heard of my great-grandfather who gambled away his estates at Crockford's in a single night? He was one of the original dandies."

But she was unconvinced.

"Clerks in the war office don't generally come to Monte Carlo in February," she observed.

"Why not? Even a war office clerk takes a holiday some time or other, and we are not very busy now."



"I suppose the war office"—she began.

"Oh, please don't make a joke about the dear old place!" I interrupted, pleadingly. "The professional humorist has already nearly succeeded in getting us ranked with the mother-in-law, and, if you make jests yourself on the topic, how can you hope to laugh when you hear them on the stage or see them in the papers?"

She looked very humble—and, incidentally, more than usually pretty. If girls only knew how humility suited them!

"I was merely going to observe that I supposed the war office wouldn't miss you," she said, meekly.

"The apology is accepted," I said in a tone of relief.

"I haven't yet learned why you are here," she continued, gazing at me critically. "And why—why you are wearing that ridiculous little black tie with your flannel suit?"

I gave one reason.

"It serves as a reminder of what I've lost after a year of hope," I said with a laugh.

It must be explained that I had seen a good deal of Pattie in town, and I think we should have seen a great deal more of each other had it not suddenly occurred to Mrs. Hetherton that I was merely a poor clerk in the war office. (Why, in Heaven's name, did my dandy of a great-grandfather spend that night at Crockford's?) As a result of the dawning of this idea, she had promptly removed her daughter from my sphere of influence and myself from her mental list of desirable acquaintances.

Of course, it might be said that, if Pattie truly loved me, she might have ultimately won me by a steady resistance to her parent's wishes. Exactly! But, then, I had no reason to think that Pattie looked upon me as much more than an agreeable conservatory companion, and, in fact, my merely civil attentions to a certain Mrs. Van Oppen, a delightful American widow, had estranged even these relations on the last occasion we had met.

And now she was engaged to Lord Ernest Blakenhurst, a monstrously stupid young man who had only escaped matrimony before by a series of lucky accidents. He had no vices beyond his extreme foolishness, and no virtues in addition to his title and money. He was, therefore, an excellent "catch," and knowing Mrs. Hetherton's strength of character and Blakenhurst's weakness of mind, I had very little doubt as to how the present state of affairs had been arrived at.

"I've never been engaged," I observed, presently. "I suppose one is very, very happy?"

"Yes, very happy!" she answered, decisively, closing her little lips firmly together.

I wondered whether she was merely loyal to a bargain her mother had thrust upon her, or did she care for him? She was very bright, and he infinitely stupid. But you can never tell.

She looked up at me quickly, and her next sentence told me that this part of the discussion was closed.

"I don't think it's gambling," she said, deliberately. "Mrs. Van Oppen is here!" she added, after a pause, as if there were no need of further explanation.

As far as I knew, Mrs. Van Oppen might have been in Peru, but I was a little startled by the coincidence. Pattie, however, was a long way from the true state of affairs—which was just as well.

"So you have guessed my poor little secret?" I said, with a laugh.

She turned to me with an air of incredulity.

"And do you really hope? Mrs. Van Oppen, with her yacht, her mansions, and millions of dollars?" she asked.

"I would overlook those inconveniences. It is only the woman I consider," I answered.

"And if she had the bad taste to refuse you?"

she continued. (I am half afraid a touch of sarcasm was intended here.)

"Oh, I shall go back to the war office and—my 2000 a year!" I said, with a yawn.

She gave a little start.

"Your 2000 a year! I thought—"

I touched the black tie.

"There was another reason. Aunt Selina," I explained.

"That quaint old body you told me about in the North of England, who would never even recognize your existence?" she cried, in wonderment.

"The same. In dying she atoned for all her lamentable shortcomings. Her will decreed that her fortune was to be shared between myself and a dog's home. I have 2000 a year, and the other half has gone to the dogs."

There was a long pause.

"I must congratulate you," she said at length, in rather a thoughtful tone.

"Thanks," I answered, miserably.

Of course, 2000 a year was nothing to being Lady Blakenhurst, but if only Aunt Selina had seen fit to die a few months previously, I think it might have been managed. But, there, it always seemed to be my luck to be just too late for everything.

A few minutes later, Mrs. Hetherton and the feeble Blakenhurst appeared on the scene. The former surprised me by the cordiality of her reception, but the meaning dawned upon me. Now Pattie was securely engaged, I no longer constituted a danger and might be tolerated as a not too intimate acquaintance. I was accordingly invited to luncheon on the morrow.

Presently I left the trio, and, wandering again, had the good fortune to meet Mrs. Van Oppen, who, in the latest Parisian triumph, looked more bewilderingly magnificent than ever.

"I am pleased to see you, Hugo Trench," she cried. "You'll just spare half an hour right away to chat with me!"

So we strolled around the Terrace again and sat down. I learned that her yacht, the *Gadfly*, was in the port, and that she was taking her father, Col. Silas Hibbert, and a few other friends for a short cruise. She rattled on for some time vivaciously, then suddenly paused.

"I suppose you know the Hethertons are here—with him?" she said, with a tightening of her lips.

Mrs. Van always treated me as a confidential friend. It was this attitude that had led Pattie to a wrong assumption.

"Yes, I have met them. How are you taking it? Am I to commiserate with you, or doesn't it matter now?" I asked, for I knew the exact state of affairs.

"It matters more than ever. I was never so disappointed in my life. To think that another day with him last autumn and I should have been Lady Blakenhurst! Just pure ill luck that he was called away at that moment!" she exclaimed.

She was not exaggerating. It showed a deplorable lack of originality for a wealthy American, but the fact remained that it was Mrs. Van's one ambition in life to marry into the English aristocracy and secure a title, and she had been within an ace of capturing the weak-minded Blakenhurst.

"I am more sorry than I can say," I said, sympathetically. This was perfectly genuine, for I was thinking of Pattie.

"And to be beaten by Mrs. Hetherton!" cried Mrs. Van. She paused, as if words were too much for her. "Of course, I know that that dear girl, Pattie, had nothing to do with the entanglement—it was purely her wretched mother's doing. She had the opportunity, and she utilized it. As you know, anyone can manage poor Ernest—that is, anybody with a will—and she had a chance," she finished, ruefully.

"Chance is everything—particularly at Monte Carlo," I remarked, not knowing quite what to say.

"And I firmly believe the dear boy would have been happier with me. I could manage him better than an inexperienced girl like Pattie."

Mrs. Van had certainly managed one husband very efficiently. He had worked commendably hard to make money, and then, just as commendably, died.

"I hate Mrs. Hetherton!" cried the little widow, vindictively. "And if I had him to myself for an hour or so—even now!" she continued, meditatively.

I gave a start.

"Has he seen you yet?"

"No; but I'm going to send him a note—just to remind him of old times!"

"Oh, I shouldn't!" I put in hastily. "Wouldn't it be rather embarrassing for all parties?"

Mrs. Van's eyes twinkled mischievously.

"I wouldn't mind embarrassing Mrs. Hetherton," said she.

Later in the day I met her father, the gallant "colonel," who belonged to a somewhat rougher school than his brilliant daughter, but he was amusing, and I rather liked him. He was intensely proud of Mrs. Van's progress, and was just as anxious for her to marry into the English aristocracy as she herself. I dined with them that evening on the *Gadfly*, and had an enjoyable time.

Two days slipped away; I saw a little of Pattie, and too much of Mrs. Hetherton and the dull Blakenhurst. Then one day at luncheon time I received a note from Mrs. Van asking me to dine again that evening on the yacht. It was their last day in Monte Carlo, she explained, as they were to sail at dawn.

On my way to the yacht that evening I called at the Hetherton's hotel to say I would be pleased to accept their invitation to go to the Nice races next day with their party. I happened to run across Pattie.

"And where is the lucky Blakenhurst?" I asked, with a smile.

"Oh, poor Ernest got a sick headache during the afternoon, and went to bed before dinner. I hope it's nothing serious!" she said, anxiously.

"Oh, no!" I said, reassuringly. "I think I saw him looking at an intelligent book this morning—that doubtless brought it on. Au revoir!"

I hurried down to the port, and in a few minutes was on board the *Gadfly*—one of the latest things in yachts for millionaires. Mrs. Van welcomed me effusively.

"Only a small party—just ourselves and"—she turned to a tall young man standing in the background. "I think you know Lord Ernest Blakenhurst?"

Sick headache, indeed! I could have almost laughed, if I had not thought of the deception practised on poor Pattie.

Mrs. Van caught hold of his arm, and he came forward, looking somewhat sheepish.

"Hullo, Trench!" he said, with a stupid nod. "No idea you were coming."

"The surprise is not all on your side!" I replied, attempting to instill a proper touch of severity into my tone.

The little widow's eyes were almost dancing with unholy joy as they met mine.

"I told you I should like to," she whispered to me, triumphantly.

I shook my head reprovingly. Still, as the yacht was sailing in a few hours' time, no harm could be done.

We went into dinner, which, like all Mrs. Van's entertainments, was in the way of an object lesson on the advantages of wealth. As I watched her handling the inane Ernest I confess I was moved to admiration. It was art in the highest sense, and I was more



than thankful, for Patti's sake, that the Gadfly was departing almost immediately.

Afterward the colonel led Blakenhurst and myself—we were the only men of the party—to the smoking room, where he insisted on personally mixing some wonderful American drinks. Presently I seized an opportunity to join the others in the drawing room, and left the colonel mixing another "dream" (the term was his) for Blakenhurst.

Mrs. Van seemed not in the least surprised that I came alone.

"Is father telling Lord Blakenhurst his experiences in the Rockies?" she asked. "I know it is perfectly hopeless trying to draw him away from the smoking room when once he has got a really good listener.

Later on I slipped away for a moment, thinking it time to see how the poor Blakenhurst was faring. I met the colonel—he was just shutting the door to a deck cabin. He put a finger to his lip mysteriously.

"I gave him a 'Chicago twist' to finish up with, and he suddenly collapsed," he whispered. "I guessed the best way was to help him to a bunk and let him sleep for half an hour. That'll put him as right as the president!"

I don't know the exact cause—perhaps it was something in the old colonel's tone—but a sudden suspicion entered my mind.

I said nothing, however, until, a few minutes later. I chanced to be alone with Mrs. Van. She had come out on deck, and we were standing by the taffrail, enjoying the cool night air.

"I have just heard that your father has put Blakenhurst into a bunk," I observed. Perhaps you may have heard of the colonel's 'Chicago twist'?"

She gave a little laugh.

"He'll sleep the clock round, you know, unless some one wakes him," I added, meaningly.

She suddenly faced me.

"Supposing nobody did wake him—that he slept right on until to-morrow morning? Of course, we shouldn't know he was in the cabin!" she said, in a low voice of suppressed excitement.

So it was a plot!

"It's abduction!" I said firmly.

She laughed gaily.

"To take a trip on a friend's yacht? Don't you see how ingenious it all is? He will wake up and find himself on the way to Genoa! And two days in my society! Do you grasp it?"

"Oh, I quite see!" I said, slowly. I knew very well that Blakenhurst, left in her hands, would be as clay. If the yacht once sailed with him, Patti's chance of becoming Lady Blakenhurst would vanish completely. He would throw her over and marry Mrs. Van within a month. I had not the slightest doubt as to the little widow's ability to do this if given the present chance.

"I should just like to inquire why you invited me to-night?" I said. Wouldn't a maneuver of this type have been better with as few witnesses as possible?"

She linked her arm within mine.

"I thought, dear Mr. Trench, being such a good friend of mine," she began, persuasively, "that to-morrow, when you discovered that poor Ernst had been left on the yacht by mistake, you might tell his valet to pay his hotel bill and bring his things on to Genoa. You see, otherwise his disappearance might cause some surprise."

"I think it may probably cause surprise under any circumstances," I said, dryly, having Mrs. Hetherton in mind.

Mrs. Van positively gurgled in her enjoyment of the situation.

"Isn't it just cute, Mr. Trench? I knew it would please you. Hush!" she said, warningly, as one or two of the others came up.

I had no further chance of talking alone with the good, but enterprising, widow, so followed the little party into the music salon. Presently—Mrs. Van was about to sing—I managed to slip out quietly. I felt I wanted to think.

Pacing the deck, I turned the thing over in my mind. The question was. Should I let Patti lose her chance? Whatever his mental abilities, it was a big thing for her to become Lady Blakenhurst, and she might possibly care for him. Anyway, she would look very foolish being jilted in this fashion. Could I let Mrs. Van do it?

"No, I'm hanged if I can—it isn't cricket!" I exclaimed, as I came to a decision.

I crept up to the music salon. Mrs. Van was singing lustily, and likely to be doing so for some minutes. Then I hurried up to the deck cabin and let myself in. Blakenhurst was lying on the bunk in a heavy sleep. I picked up a water bottle and dashed some of the contents in his face.

"What's that?" he said drowsily.

I persevered with the water bottle, and soon had him in a sitting position and able to take in my remarks. I told him he had behaved abominably, and that Mrs. Van would never forgive him.

"Your only chance to save your honor is to slip away quietly this very moment without seeing any one. Mrs. Van is singing, and you will not be noticed," I said.

His mind was too blurred to criticise the sense of my judgment, and he accepted my decree without demur. I explained to him the means of getting away, and fetched his coat and hat. Finally, I pushed him out of the cabin and told him to waste no time. I saw him lurch away, and returned to the music salon just in time to congratulate Mrs. Van on the progress she made under the Parisian masters.

Shortly afterward I rose and said I must be going. Mrs. Van protested against my early departure.

"The truth is, I'm rather nervous. I've never been mixed up in an abduction before," I explained.

She laughed.

"You have helped to give a deserving woman what she wants. I don't know how to sufficiently thank you, Mr. Trench!" she said, as she clasped my hand in farewell.

I hurried away, thinking that, perhaps, her thanks were a trifle profuse.

On my way back I looked in at the Hethertons' hotel, wishing to make certain that Blakenhurst had safely returned. I was passing the reading room, on the entresol floor, when the door opened and I came face to face with Patti. She had a book in her hand, and seemed annoyed.

"I was just running up to see Ernest—to inquire if he were any better!" I stammered, some explanation of my presence being necessary.

"Oh, he has come back!" she said wearily. "I saw him disappearing up the staircase just now."

Come back! I looked sharply at her. As she saw the slip she had made a little look of confusion swept over her face.

"What do you know?" I said quickly.

She hesitated; then a defiant look came into her eyes.

"This morning, I was sitting on the Terrace, and Mrs. Van Oppen and her father came close to me—they did not notice that I was within earshot. I heard them talk the plan over, and deliberately eavesdropped," she finished, slowly, a spot of color coming to her cheek.

I listened in amazement.

"You were hoping they would be able to carry it out?" I cried, excitedly.

She did not answer for a moment or two. It seemed ages to me.

"Well, if they did, no one could blame me for not being Lady Blakenhurst—not even mother," she said, a demure smile creeping into her eyes.

To think I had actually brought him back for her sake, and all the time she would have welcomed his abduction as a good "get out!" A mad idea came to me.

"Just one question," I stuttered. "Supposing he had been carried off, would the fact of quaint Aunt Selina's recent decease have inclined you for another courtship?"

Her eyes dropped before mine.

"Perhaps," she answered, softly. "But what's the good? He is here still," she added, regretfully.

On the impulse, I caught hold of her hand and kissed it.

"Yes, but he won't be long!" I said. "I'll just put him back on the yacht again. Thank Heaven, he's a man that can be managed! Good-by! Don't go to bed until I return."

I heard her give a little gasp of amazement, then raced away and up to Blakenhurst's room two stairs at a time. I found him lying on his bed, still fully dressed. I caught hold of his shoulder.

"Awfully sorry, Blakky, but I made a frightful mistake in getting you away just now!" I cried, breathlessly. "It appears the colonel told Mrs. Van as an excuse for you, that you'd been unavoidably called away for an hour, but that he had extracted your solemn promise to return for the remainder of the evening. So I came on to bring you back."

He was very muddled, but I found a water bottle again.

"You must simply make the effort, else Mrs. Van will never forgive you. A point of honor, my dear old son!" I continued.

With a few more unscrupulous arguments I managed to get him on to his staggering feet and out of the room. In another quarter of an hour we were on board the yacht, and I put him in the cabin—just for a few minutes, to pull himself together, as I told him. He laid his weary form in the bunk, and I knew that thirty seconds after I left he would be asleep again.

Then I picked up a cigarette case belonging to the colonel and made my way round to the music salon. Mrs. Van was still singing. I explained how I had discovered I had taken away the case by mistake and thought it better to return it at once.

Mrs. Van and the colonel came out on to the deck to see me off for the second time. We passed the cabin, and the colonel couldn't resist opening the door and peeping in.

"Sleepin' like a babe!" he remarked, contentedly, as he turned the key in the lock and slipped it into his pocket.

"I somehow feel as if my conduct left a little to be desired this evening," I said, thoughtfully.

"But the end justifies the means, dear Mr. Trench!" cried Mrs. Van, as she gave me a parting affectionate pressure of the hand.

And as, ultimately, all of us seemed highly pleased with the result, I suppose it did.

The only one who was, perhaps, not completely charmed from the outset was Mrs. Hetherton. On discovering that Lord Ernest had actually taken his departure on Mrs. Van Oppen's yacht, she was terribly annoyed, for, of course, she realized that her prize had been snatched from her. I pacified her to the best of my ability.

"Beyond a doubt he was 'managed'!" I said. "The only thing now is to save the situation and get the first laugh. There is but one way to do that—of course, I am only speaking as a friend!" I said, apologetically.

"Well?" said Mrs. Hetherton, impatiently.

"I would suggest Patti's immediate engagement to



another man—some deserving, hard-working fellow, tried and trusty, with, say, two thousand a year."

Mrs. Hetherton glanced up sharply, and caught her daughter smiling at me in the most barefaced manner.

She now calls me by my Christian name. I suppose one must allow a mother-in-law some license.



## THE MAGIC CALL

BY VENITA SEIBERT.

**T**HINK you the day of miracles has fled?

I stood beside a human heart—a tomb—

Cold, silent, sunless, filled with ghosts and gloom,

And saw a resurrection of the dead.

One stood before the tomb, with lifted head

And eyes of strange, sweet fire. He called, and lo!

Forms came forth that were buried long ago,

At sound of the three magic words he said.

Youth, smiling-eyed, tearing the grave-clothes through;

Hope, breaking all the bandages of death;

And laughter, flinging off her wreath of rue;

Joy, drawing in a long, delicious breath—

Ah, these I saw burst into perfect bloom

When the low call, "I love you!" pierced the tomb!

From the Smart Set.



## THE EARTH IN THE UNIVERSE

BY JOHN L. DIDIER.

**I**N an article in a recent number of the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. Russell Wallace, the great British scientist and Charles Darwin's collaborator in the establishment of the theories of evolution and natural selection, advances, and endeavors to prove, the following startling theories: (1) That the stellar universe is limited in extent; (2) that the earth on which we live occupies an absolutely central position in that universe; (3) that it is extremely unlikely that in the universe there exists another earth capable of bearing life such as is found upon ours; (4) that our position, as regards the millions of visible stars, being thus unique, "the supreme end and purpose of this vast universe was the production of the living soul in the perishable body of man."

In commenting upon Mr. Wallace's article, which has attracted world-wide attention, the *London Spectator* says it would be absurd to deny to the author the power of deep thinking, but considers it surprising that he failed to define the meaning of the chief word he employs—universe. However, leaving this aside, for the moment, let us proceed to discuss, in their order, the four points of Mr. Wallace's argument, as above set forth. First, then, as to the question whether or not the universe is limited.

Mr. Wallace asks: "Are the stars infinite in number?" and answers, that as the powers of the telescope have grown, so the number of new stars has been revealed in smaller and smaller proportions, "indicating that we are approaching the outer limits of the starry system." Telescopes of the highest powers do not reveal in the darkest patches of the heaven more stars than telescopes of a very moderate size. This, he argues, "could not possibly happen if stars were infinite in number, or even if they extended in similar profusion into spaces very much greater than those to which our telescopes can reach, because, in that case, these dark backgrounds would be illuminated by stars so distant as to be separately invisible, as in the case of the Milky Way." Further, he urges, if the number of stars were infinite, the combined amount of light thrown out by them would be at least as much as that which we receive from the sun at noonday. To realize this, you are asked to imagine a series of concentric spheres, each equally strewn with stars of the

same average brightness, and each the same distance from the first, which includes only the stars visible to the naked eye. Although the stars belonging to each receding sphere would send us, star for star, less light, still the diminution of light from each star would be compensated for by the vastly greater numbers of stars in each successively larger sphere. That is as much as to say that if the stars were infinite in number, we should receive so much light from them as not to be aware of their existence; we should live in a perpetual day, seeing no stars at all—rather a curious conclusion. We do not admit the force of the argument, since if the imagined spheres are not *equally* strewn with stars, the conclusion vanishes; but we pass on to the second of the main points we have selected from Mr. Wallace's argument. The second point is this: that the most important feature in the heavens is the vast, irregular, nebulous ring known as the Milky Way. We must be situated, we are told, "not in any part of it, as was once supposed, but at or near the very central point in the plane of the ring, that is, nearly equally distant from any part of it." If we were not so situated, the ring would not appear to us so symmetrical as it does; if we were nearer one side than the other, the nearer side would appear broader. But the ring does not appear broader on one side than on the other; and Mr. Wallace asks, in effect, why, if our solar system is really in the center of this great circle, "no one seems to have thought it worth while to ask why it is so;" why, in short, we lie in the center of "the whole material universe." Next, we come to the contention that it is unlikely that there exists in the universe another earth like our own. Here we have five subsidiary points. For the existence of such another earth five conditions seem to be required. In the case of our earth (1) the distance from the sun is such as to keep the temperature of the soil perpetually at a degree compatible with the sustenance of animal life; (2) we have an atmosphere of sufficient extent and density to allow of the production of clouds and dews; and we know that this amount of atmosphere depends largely upon the mass of a planet, so that planets like Mars, for example, whose density is only one-eighth that of the earth, would have an atmosphere unsuitable for earth-humanity; (3) we have oceans whose tides regulate and equalize our temperature, and those tides are largely dependent on our satellite, the moon; (4) these oceans are enormously deep, and are therefore permanent and most remarkable features of the earth's surface; (5) we get an uninterrupted supply, from our deserts and volcanoes, of wind-carried atmospheric dust, known to be necessary for the production of rain-clouds and mists. What is the probability, Mr. Wallace asks, that these five conditions are coincident to the existence of another earth; further, even if these conditions are coincident to the existence of such another earth now, what is the probability of that coincidence having also existed, as with us, in unbroken continuity for perhaps hundreds of millions of years? Finally, taking all these main and subsidiary points into consideration, Mr. Wallace comes to the conclusion that "those thinkers may be right, who, holding that the universe is a manifestation of Mind, and that the orderly development of Living Souls supplies an adequate reason why such an universe should have been called into existence, believe that we ourselves are its sole and sufficient result, and that nowhere else than near the central position in the universe which we occupy, could that result have been attained."

Mr. Wallace expresses the opinion that "Agnostics and Materialists will no doubt object that the want of all proportion between the means and the end condemns this theory from the very foundation;" and he asks in answer whether there is any such want of pro-

portion. "Given infinite space and infinite time, there can be no such thing as want of proportion." We agree with Mr. Wallace in thinking that this question of proportion would be the first to occur to a mind with a tendency towards agnosticism: but we hold also that it would be one of the first questions to occur to an evenly balanced mind able to accept the doctrine of the divinity of Christ. But to state our difference of opinion with Mr. Wallace as broadly as possible, we entirely fail to follow him in his conception of a limited universe. Why does he not define the meaning of the word "universe?" What, after all, do we mean by the term "the universe?" Do we use the term as comprehensively embracing the whole scheme of the Creator's plan, or do we mean merely the conglomeration of suns and planets which are revealed to us by the telescope, including in that conglomeration a few more million neighboring suns and worlds which the telescope has not yet shown, but may still show us? Surely the latter conception is not only petty, but demonstrably untenable. Mr. Wallace argues for a limited stellar universe. It must be limited, he urges, because after our telescopes have penetrated to a certain distance they find fewer and fewer stars, and because there is no light shed on this earth such as we should expect from an infinite number of stars. But, it may be replied, even if it is a demonstrable fact that at a certain distance from this earth the stars which may be said to be connected with this earth suddenly or gradually cease to occur; and if, therefore, we are led on to the conclusion that the stars our telescopes show us hang in a sort of great, bright luster, with billions of dimly-lighted miles between sun and sun, suspended in infinite space; still, even so, why limit your conception of the Creator's universe to so small a thing as that? Small, because a cluster of stars measuring in diameter any number of billions of miles must be small to the Mind capable of comprehending infinity. Why should there not be an infinite number of such clusters of stars, of such "universes," to adopt for the moment the meaning which Mr. Wallace apparently attaches to the word? To take a very earthly simile, if we may suppose Mr. Wallace's limited stellar universe to be represented by a glow-worm in a St. Louis park, we can still conceive of another universe represented by a firefly in a forest in Brazil. How should the glow-worm know of the firefly? We are told that the laws of light conclusively prove that "the universe of luminous stars" is limited. That presupposes that the strewing of space with stars is regularly continuous. Yet, conceding that light diminishes with distance, why should not one bright universe be invisible to another separated from it by a stupendous breadth of darkness?

Perhaps, however, there is yet a larger conclusion to be drawn. The Greek philosopher wrote that if horses had gods, their gods would be horses. That is a saying which is deeply applicable to men's reasoning about the infinite and the immeasurable. We are confronted with something which we call a universe, and which is composed of great suns and great spaces. We reason about universes, therefore, as if all universes must be so composed. But how can we limit the Creator's mind to a conception of a universe composed only of suns and spaces? That, as it seems to us, is a question wholly disregarded by those who argue, like Mr. Wallace that "we ourselves are the sole and sufficient result" of what he calls "the universe." We should check all argument about the purpose and the finiteness of the universe by the reflection, inspiring rather than humiliating or terrible, that the universe as we see it may be, nay must be, included in a universe of which we cannot have any conception—except that it is open to us to believe that it is good.



One word more. We are most willing to go along with those who desire to show the imperative, nay overwhelming, significance of the human soul, and have no sympathy with those who see in man nothing but an insect crawling between earth and sky. It does not, however, seem to us in any true sense to exalt the immortal part of man, the spirit within, to claim so tremendous, so magnificent a position for the cage or prison-house of his body—the planet called earth. For God, and for God only, as it seems to us, can the definition of time and space have any complete meaning. It is no doubt true, as Sir Thomas Browne said so finely, that for God "the last trump has already sounded," and no doubt it is also true that for Him space is not infinite, but "one and altogether." For us, however, both time and space are infinite,—without end as without beginning.



## THE PRESIDENT OF THE FAIR

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

The appended article was written for Mr. Harry W. Walker's paper, the New Yorker, upon the return of the President of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Company from a flying trip abroad and "a swing around the circle," the scope of which has hitherto been unequalled in the experience of any American, with the possible exception of General Grant. Mr. David R. Francis has visited all the great European rulers, with the exception of the Czar, with a view to interesting them, their governments and their people in the World's Fair to be dedicated in St. Louis to-day. His dash through Europe had done more to bring the World's Fair project into European prominence than all the interchange of notes upon the subject between our Government and the European nations. It had been a spectacular performance, to be sure, but that was exactly what was needed to accomplish the results desired. It had been a splendid stroke of advertising genius, and it was executed in a way to appeal to popular imagination. There is something appealing very strongly to the American citizen in the idea of an American business man going out into the world and "working" the Kings, Emperors and Presidents to "boost" a project in which he is interested. It was something new for an American in a quasi-public, but wholly business, mission making a tour of the Old World like a monarch or an ambassador in haste, to be received at courts and with formal honors for no other object than to make a success of a "raree show." Of course, the St. Louis World's Fair is a National and an international matter, but it is a matter that has never before been deemed of sufficient importance to guarantee an officer of such an enterprise, such consideration and honor as had been accorded the gentleman who is to be a prominent figure in to-day's exercises.



MR DAVID R. FRANCIS' tour of Europe has brought him into National prominence and places him definitely among the personages of this country conspicuous for achievement. His return to this country after his triumphant progress gives point and potency to the rumor, coming out from the West for some time, that Mr. Francis, in the event of the success of the World's Fair, may and probably will be nominated for President by the Democrats at a convention to be held in St. Louis during the World's Fair period. Mr. Francis may never have done anything before to bring him before the entire people, but this last performance of his will make people inquire about his personality, and, when they do so, they will not be slow to learn that he is of a stature of character worthy of consideration in connection with the highest office in the gift of the people. He has made himself conspicuously the first citizen of St. Louis, has shown the fallacy of the superstition that that old town and its people are "slow," has attracted more attention to the Fair by his actions than any other feature of that \$30,000,000 undertaking, has focused interest on the event, both at home and

abroad, and has done it all in an off-hand, business-like way that is eminently attractive to his countrymen. The European governments were backward in taking up the World's Fair project. Agents of the ordinary sort were making little or no impression over there. The Fair needed something to liven up the languid foreign interest. What was to be done? The European governments must be got at directly, and by someone whose stake in the matter was great enough, whose prominence in the project was supreme enough, to make it certain that the subject would be presented to the various governments in such a way that they could not refrain from acceding to a request that they participate generously and enthusiastically in the undertaking. Mr. Francis declared he would accept the task himself. He made his preparations in haste and was away from St. Louis almost before the people of the town knew of it. The story of his performance is now familiar to all. He went straight to the headquarters of every European government, made his appeal with all the eloquent confidence of the advance agent of a show that was going to be worth seeing and succeeded in every case in securing assurances that what he and his company and his city and all his countrymen desired would be granted. Mr. Francis undertook this tour at great personal inconvenience. The time for the making of it was short. It involved a terrible strain of travel, the making of connections with mathematical precision, the attendance upon wearying functions in unfamiliar environments, living practically in a dress suit case and one trunk, making speeches in languages not overfamiliar to his tongue, and, generally speaking, exhibiting a quality of "hustle" such as no American before him has been called upon to display before the world. It was a brilliant coup; all the more so because, as any one may see, of the chances there were that it would prove a fiasco. It was daring in an American to enter upon a scheme involving the chance of incurring the displeasure of certain elements of the population because of alleged "flunkeyism" before royalty. It was putting fortune to the touch with a vengeance, but it won out splendidly, and the whole country now honors the man who took the long chance. Well, indeed, may St. Louis honor him, for, in my opinion, Mr. Francis has saved the Fair. If he had not done this thing there would have been a very slim representation of European governments at the Fair. It would have been almost a local exhibition. Now, the foreign governments will come in and make displays of adequate proportions, and the Fair will be a world-event in fact as well as in name. It may be doubtful to some of us that the European nations will be able to have their displays ready in time for the announced opening of the Fair in May next year, but if it be necessary to postpone the Fair to make it a World's Fair, that could be done, most undoubtedly, although such a thing is declared out of the question, by those in authority. A Fair without the foreign nations would have been a failure. Failure on that score is now out of the question, and the man who eliminated that possible factor of failure may confidently be relied upon to eliminate other such factors with the same skill and courage that he has shown in his invasion of Europe, when he went, saw and conquered. A man who can do such a thing is a man worthy of study, and, when studied, it is not improbable that he may be found to be more than a mere idle speculation in the field of "Presidential possibilities."



David R. Francis is a typical American, self-made in every sense, from his business, political, diplomatic successes to his mastery, within a few years, of modern languages to an extent enabling him to appear at the Latin courts without an interpreter. He went to

St. Louis from a Kentucky farm, and, after a course at Washington University, entered his uncle's store as a bill clerk. He was a hustling bill clerk. He was of singularly pleasing address, handsome, strong, quick-witted. He rose rapidly in the store. He went into society, and he married the daughter of a banker, but the banker was not of much assistance to him in the earlier years of his married life, nor, in fact, at any time, until the young man had shown himself worthy not only of a lift now and then, but absolutely necessary to the man of money in carrying out his schemes. Mr. Francis owes nothing to the fact that he married a rich man's daughter, outside of what every man who amounts to anything owes to the woman he takes for a partner in life. In time, Mr. Francis found himself in the grain business in St. Louis, and in time the grain business found in Mr. Francis a leader and one who had both nerve and prudence, as those qualities were called for in emergencies. He became a speculator to whom the whole St. Louis speculative element looked up. He was more than the mere "grain gambler" he was called by his enemies. His interest in things was not confined to the market. He dipped into other matters as they came into prominence, even into politics now and then. He was not above accepting an invitation to a private caucus to put up a ticket. He developed into a good mixer and an effective "jollier," in a quiet sort of way. Suavity never knew a more thorough mastery than his. He was a "good fellow" with the boys, a model young man of business with the older heads. He was alert and indefatigable. He was always Johnnie-on-the-spot when his interests were concerned, and he kept an eye upon society and his finger in the pie there just as assiduously as he did in business affairs or in political maneuverings. In a short time, he was a figure in the life of the town. There was nothing big going on that he was not in touch with, more or less intimately. Being a Kentuckian, he had a sort of natural genius for politics, and it was soon evident that some day he would break into that game in a big way. He made warm friends, who never ceased proclaiming his merits. His successful operations in grain attracted attention, naturally, and so he became President of the Merchants' Exchange, and put all his energies into the conduct of that office, making it an influence it has only been twice or thrice before or since in the history of the city's commerce. His was the happy knack of doing the right thing at the right time; at the time, that is, when it counted for Francis and counted all it was worth. His affability was masterly. His playing of policy was characterized by a grace that made every one grateful when he "handed out the salve," even though they knew it for "the salve." All the men on 'Change became touters and tooters for him. St. Louis came to call him "Our Dave." He was handsome and polished and cheerful and popular.



Then one morning, after a local Democratic convention had been in session for twenty-four hours in a deadlock over the rival candidacies of Major Rainwater and Judge Noonan for Mayor, a suggestion of compromise was made. The delegates were utterly worn out. They received the suggestion gladly. David R. Francis' name was sprung upon them, and he was nominated for Mayor with a grand demonstration. Despite his popularity, he did not run as well as was thought. In fact, it is a tradition in St. Louis, and one supported by many facts, that he was not elected; but he was seated. Stuffed in or not, he made an excellent, progressive Chief Executive. He ran the city in a businesslike way. He appointed a strong cabinet. He was over-cautious, perhaps, in his political actions. He held up appointments so long that he made



enemies. His suavity led people to suppose that he was a better friend of theirs than he really was, and when they found out their mistake they got mad at him. He was a little too much of "all things to all men," and a little too much of a Mayor in the interest of certain small coteries, but that is now ancient history. The fact remains that he was a good Mayor; that he gave the city a strong, clean government, and that he chiefly disappointed the politicians. The business elements stood by him always, and he had not been Mayor two years when there were whispers abroad that he would make a good Governor. He modestly denied the soft impeachment, but the country editor who came to St. Louis was regularly entertained by "Our Dave." The country leaders were always brought to the Mayor's office when they came to town, too. Francis' candidacy broke out in the newspapers. The old politicians did everything they could to head him off. They started the grangers after him on the theory that he was a grain gambler and the enemy of the farmer. But David had the money and "the salve." He went out into the country himself—this dude, as his enemies called him. He won the farmers easily with his fine smile, his easy ways, his trick of making each man he met feel that he was that man's closest friend. He utterly smashed the theory that the Missouri farmer would never make a St. Louis man Governor. Francis was nominated with only the merest pretense of an opposition, and he was elected, although he lost St. Louis by a majority that showed how surely he would have been defeated in the State if the Republicans had had any political sense whatever. He was a good Governor; a very good one, in fact, but the politicians didn't like him. He was too smooth for them. He was too smooth for himself, too. It was owing largely to his extreme cleverness in dealing with politicians to their disappointment that the country owed the growth in Missouri of the free silver sentiment. Missouri politicians didn't care for free silver. They disliked Francis, and as Francis had relations with the national banks and Wall Street, and those institutions had been rendered unpopular by the circulation of "Coin" Harvey's fearful and wonderful books on finance, the free silver cry was taken up against him. Then he fell out with Col. Charles H. Jones, then in control of the *Republic*, Missouri's great Democratic organ. There was a sort of romance about that falling out, "but that's another story." The *Republic* took up the silver cause, and it began "knocking" Francis in the interest of Mr. William Joel Stone, installed as junior Senator from Missouri only a few weeks ago. Francis went out of office. His friends and the friends of the gold standard looked to him to lead the fight for that cause. He seemed, somehow, to weaken at this stage of his career, more especially when he found himself likely to be pitted in a fight with "Silver Dick" Bland as head of the opposition. At best, Mr. Francis made but a poor stand against the rising silver sentiment, and the State was swung into line for 16-to-1 and Bland for President with such a whoop and yell that the chances of the gold standard men in the National Democracy went glimmering. It may be said for Mr. Francis that he did not care to set himself up, just then, in opposition to a party that had signally honored him in city and State. It may be said, too, that he never surrendered his opinion on the finances, and that he never laid down upon Mr. Cleveland, whom he had induced to make that first Western trip on which the present sage of Princeton quoted so copiously, but without quotation marks, from the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. When the convention of 1896 came on, Mr. Francis was in Chicago. When it was evident that silver would triumph Mr. Francis attended a caucus in the Auditorium where the proposal was made to organize a

bolt. Mr. Francis deprecated the proposition. He was inclined to think that the best thing for the gold men to do was to do nothing. He said he thought the people were for Bland and silver, and he, for one, having been honored by the Democracy, did not care to turn upon the party simply because it didn't agree with him. He was a Kentuckian-Missourian, and no Republican looked good to him on any platform. A few hours after came the remarkable nomination of Mr. Bryan. Mr. Francis, it is understood, had about made up his mind to take his medicine and support the ticket. Then Hoke Smith resigned from the position of Secretary of the Interior. President Cleveland wanted a man to fill the place. He offered the post to Mr. Francis, and that gentleman accepted it. He has been criticised for this, but it is a fact that his acceptance of the place for a few months cost him a great deal of money through neglect of his private business, and it is a further fact that he did accept chiefly because he put Mr. Cleveland's request for his services above his own interests and inclinations. He knew that his acceptance then would put him at odds with his party almost irrevocably, but, knowing this, he did it, and if all that was wrong, it is only to be remembered now that in Washington, as in Jefferson City and St. Louis, he was an excellently efficient official and a man of much weight in the crucial deliberation of the Cabinet on matters that seemed to be straining the country almost to the point of social and sectional revolution.

Since leaving office with Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Francis entered upon nothing of magnitude until the World's Fair commemoration of the Louisiana Purchase was broached. He was against the idea at first, but he came around finally. He was put at the head of the undertaking against his will. He took up his work gracefully. It was no picnic. It is not now. The Fair seemed dead many times before it was fully born. The popular subscriptions languished. The town became apathetic. The backward ones "knocked" the project, because they said it was too much of a Francis concern. The committees soliciting subscriptions became disheartened. Things looked blue for the Fair, but Mr. Francis never weakened. He and a few others kept plugging away at the work. The \$5,000,000 of popular subscription was finally made up in one way or another. Then the city asked a like sum from Congress. Congress was against it. Speaker Henderson had said he would knock out the scheme. St. Louis was in despair. Someone was needed in Washington to save the appropriation. Francis went on at once with some others. He was the general of the forces. He found himself up against a hard proposition, but he got to work and finally, with the aid of Senators Vest and Cockrell, he got the appropriation through as a rider to another bill, and St. Louis went on a twelve-hour "jag" of celebration.

The Fair is mostly Francis. He is the head and front of everything. No detail is too small for him. Everything practically must go through his hands. To such an extent is this true that it is made a point against him by those who make war upon him. They say that he tries to do more than any one man can do, that his determination "to be the whole show" and to be "in on everything that is done" occasions delay that is dangerous. The other directors see themselves often as only "dummies." Committees deliberate for weeks on propositions and then turn the results in to "Dave," and he turns the whole thing down, or pigeonholes it, or transmogrifies it beyond all recognition. There are some who say he is working the Fair to make himself President, but we know the French have an adage: "They say. What say they?"

Let them say." That must console Mr. Francis under such criticism, as it has often consoled others. Whatever "they say," if you ask any St. Louis "knocker" of Mr. Francis whom he would put in Mr. Francis' place, the "knocker" has to admit that there isn't another man in the burg who could do one-hundredth part of the work that Mr. Francis does, or one-hundredth part as well.

Mr. Francis is an iron man. He never wearies. He never utterly neglects his own business. He will buy or sell a million bushels of wheat in the midst of a discussion in the Executive Committee as to the kind of gargoyles ought to decorate the Fisheries Building. He jumps out of town at the drop of the hat, and doesn't know when he's coming back, and he banquets at least once every evening, with telegrams, cablegrams and long-distance 'phone messages punctuating the courses. He receives delegations from all the ends of the world. He soothes the angry concession seeker. He consults the architects and then turns to deliberate with the Board of Lady Managers. He sees men who want police jobs on the grounds, and then he dictates a cablegram to a representative of the French Government who has complained that the Bourbon lilies appear in the Fair banner or emblem instead of the tricolor. And he does it all with a smile. He is never ruffled, to outward seeming, at least. He does not appear to be conscious that he is doing a giant's work. He can talk with three men about three different things at once. He never forgets a man's name, or when or where he met that man. He appears to consult everybody, but the consultation usually ends in the decision being that for which Francis has contended. He has sat down on the National Commission and squelched it into unmitigated secondariness in the management of the Fair, and yet to see him with the National Commissioners one would think that he was all deference to them and only wrought their wills. He has absolutely "corked up" all the big papers in St. Louis, so that never a line of criticism has appeared in them concerning his management of the Fair. He is the only man in St. Louis who has any "influence" worth speaking of with the city administration. It is his when he wants it for any of the purposes of the Fair, and this was just what a great many people did not think would be the case when the present city administration came into power.

Mr. Francis is said by those who don't like him, or don't know him, to be cold and selfish. Yet he has warm friends. It is almost miraculous that a cold, selfish man should have a whole community "with him, body, soul and breeches, for the full distance and in the heaviest going," as he has. It is said he is always out for "Number One," but his "Number One," even his enemies must admit, is the success of the Fair. Mr. Francis is not a man given to giving away his money, but he gives himself completely to a cause, and his time is worth more than most people's money. Mr. Francis is cautious with everyone, but he cannot afford to carry himself too much on the open. He does not take many into his confidence, but too many cooks spoil the broth, even if two heads are better than one.

One thing all must admit. He "gets there" and he does it with fine aplomb. He is the man who knows his job. He aggrandizes himself, but he does not crush others. If he dominates his town and that town's greatest undertaking, he does it by virtue of his character. The men in St. Louis who have given him his free hand and his supreme authority, even while they resent some of the results of their surrender to him, agree that it is the best thing they could have done. He has the qualities of his defects,



and no one can come within the influence of his personal presence without liking him while there, how much soever the opposite may be the case when "Dave" is analyzed in perspective. He is big enough to have enemies. He is clever enough to make mistakes that are worth criticising. He is ambitious, and that thrives best upon opposition and criticism. He is not afraid to tempt Fate by trying things that have a dangerous look. He works with all his heart all the time, and if one admired nothing else about him, one would have to admire his energy and his personality's suppleness in avoiding raucous friction in the enforcement of his domination in an enterprise that is the biggest thing just now under way in this country. Pretty high up in the roster of the big men who do big things in this day must we inscribe the name of David Rowland Francis. If he had not his faults he would not be worth his salt, but in the immediate presence of his splendid achievement, signalized by the honors shown him upon his return, it would be ungracious to venture any criticism more specific than that which I have suggested mildly at various points in this attempt at a character-photograph of a Western-Southerner who must stand as a good type of the present-day American.



## THE EVENT WE CELEBRATE

• BY FRANCIS A. HOUSE.

ON April 30, 1803, the American and French representatives agreed upon the terms of the treaty by which the vast territory of Louisiana became part of the United States of America. And thereby hangs a marvelous tale, of which only the initial chapters have so far been unfolded.

For the sum of fifteen million dollars, Napoleon ceded France's rights of sovereignty over territorial possessions, which, to-day, contain many flourishing States, with millions of progressive, industrious and prosperous people, and the material wealth of which is estimated at, approximately, thirty thousand million dollars.

Disregarding the often-repeated and utterly untenable and unhistorical statement that it was only hatred of England, his most implacable foe, which induced Napoleon to sign the treaty, it may truthfully be said that Louisiana was ceded simply because the Emperor had come to a realization of the fact that it was entirely beyond his power and means to prevent the fulfillment of what Americans have since come to describe as "manifest destiny."

The average American is, strange to say, inclined to fatalism. He believes that there is such a thing as fate. He believes that there are some inexorable laws which govern the lives of individuals, as well as of nations. This inclination towards fatalism was as predominant in his character in 1803 as it is to-day. The Americans of the times of Thomas Jefferson, who had gone to what was then known as the West and Southwest, realized that it was the destiny of their Nation to expand its frontiers, that nothing could prevent it from overleaping the mighty Mississippi River.

American statesmen of the beginning of the Nineteenth century fully realized the trend of things. They labored under no hallucination regarding the meaning of the constant growth of settlements along the Mississippi River and its tributaries. It was patent to them that this Government would, ultimately, be compelled, by the sheer force of conditions, to bring about the annexation of New Orleans and all Louisiana up to the far Northwest, including immense regions where no white man had ever been seen.

Astute political observers on the other side were fully as cognizant of the true shaping of conditions,

and the significance thereof, as were their American contemporaries. It is known, for instance, that M. Barbé Marbois, one of the negotiators of the treaty, had long foreseen the inevitable outcome. He frequently took occasion to explain to the Corsican that it would be utterly futile for France to try permanently to hold Louisiana. After the signing of the treaty of San Ildefonso, in 1800, by the terms of which Spain ceded Louisiana to France, Marbois openly advised Napoleon not to embark upon military expeditions for the purpose of strengthening France's hold upon the territory ceded, lest he thereby only invite an armed conflict with the United States, to which the possession of New Orleans and the mouth of the great river had become a National necessity.

The negotiations between the two governments finally convinced even the impetuous, headstrong Napoleon that nothing could be gained by arousing the open hostility of America. The representations made by Jefferson and Madison, though couched in phrases of diplomatic courtesy, could not fail to impress the Emperor with the determination of the American Government to obtain possession of New Orleans, and with the frowning probability that any French military expeditions upon a large scale were bound deeply to arouse the resentment of Americans.

At about this time, came the news that the French forces in Hayti were unable to cope with the rebellious slaves under Toussaint L'Ouverture, and indications of another great war on the Continent of Europe were multiplying rapidly. England and Austria made preparations for war against France, and Napoleon saw the necessity of husbanding his military and financial resources. The prospect of ceding Louisiana for a large sum of money appeared attractive. And equally attractive was the certainty that France's defensive position would be greatly strengthened by the surrendering to America of a territory which, in case of war, it was utterly impossible to hold against the superior naval power of Great Britain.

After pondering these considerations for some days, Napoleon at last relented and gave his consent to the conclusion of a treaty, as the result of which the vast possessions of France were to go to a Republic that he held in little esteem, and whose future he did not consider very bright.

In the treaty of San Ildefonso, in 1800, it had been stipulated that France should not dispose of Louisiana to any other power. This stipulation was, however, contemptuously disregarded, as soon as Bonaparte had made up his mind and become eager to accept the terms offered by the American representatives at Paris—Monroe and Livingston. He was, as Theodore Roosevelt, in his "Winning of the West" well remarks, "quite as incapable as any Spanish statesman, or as Talleyrand himself, of so much as considering the question of breach of faith or loss of honor, if he could gain any advantage by sacrificing either."

In May, 1803, the treaty was signed. The boundaries of the territory which it conveyed were "purposely left very loose by Napoleon." The American Government and negotiators were, at first, only asking for New Orleans and the east bank of the Mississippi River. Madison was disinclined to ask for such an immense territory as comprised in the whole of the French possessions, and instructed Monroe and Livingston accordingly. In reference to this, Theodore Roosevelt says: "There was one singular feature of this bargain, which showed, as nothing else could have shown, how little American diplomacy had to do with obtaining Louisiana, and how impossible it was for any European power, even the greatest, to hold the territory in the face of the steady westward growth of the American people. Napoleon forced Monroe and Livingston to become the reluctant purchasers, not merely of New Orleans, but of all the immense territory which stretched vaguely northwestward to the Pacific."

Little could the American and French statesmen of that time foresee the future wonderful and unprece-

dent development of Louisiana under the ægis of the American eagle. Within the space of only a hundred years, the former Spanish and French possessions have been transformed into the granary of North America and a large portion of Europe. The mineral, agricultural and industrial resources of the States which have since grown out of ancient Louisiana baffle all power of calculation. The annual value of their agricultural products is estimated at two thousand and five hundred million dollars, or about two per cent of the total National wealth of the United States.

April 30, 1803, was, indeed, and in every sense of the word, an epoch-making date in the annals of mankind. It marked the beginning of a history, of material and intellectual achievements, in the course of which the glory of Greece and the grandeur of Rome bid fair to be eclipsed.

Here, in the Mississippi Valley, here, where millions of intelligent people are weaving at the woof of human destiny, will be solved political, social and economic problems which are now held insoluble, and rise a civilization which shall value right more than might, man more than law or custom, and secure the most possible good for the greatest number of people.



## "THE LABORING CLASSES"

BY WILLIAM TROWBRIDGE LARNED.

THAT imported and misleading term, "the laboring classes," was long ago excluded from the vocabulary of the exact; but its suppression from the speech of the many has been reserved for an ironic fate at the hands of those for whom it was coined. Recent developments in the urban ranks of those who do "the work of the bread" indicate that in its restricted meaning the phrase has become, if not outlawed, why then at least reversible.

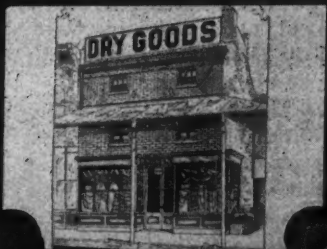
In Chicago and New York particularly, the true laboring class is limited not to the so-called "common people," but rather to the professional man and merchant, and to the employer—the uncommon people, who work early and late, who keep at their toil until it is done, and who are hampered by no artificial restraint upon their capacity and development. Mechanics, artisans of all kinds—even unskilled laborers—are attaining, through trade unions, a degree of independence and leisure such as few brain-workers possess, and which many employers of labor certainly do not enjoy. It is a fine thing to be one's own master, yet may not that cherished achievement come to represent but a sorry condition of painful responsibility compared with that of employes who work only when they want to, only as long as they want to, and who fix such other terms as are most conducive to their own especial prosperity and peace of mind?

Specific instances abound and are public property; some happenings that have not been heralded are even more to the point. I am credibly informed that no New Yorker is permitted to include among his lares and penates a mantelpiece or cornice of foreign make. Such a thing may be installed on a Sunday, with the secret aid of non-union workmen; but the penalty attending discovery may not be lightly risked. The importation from France of a carton-pier cornice designed for the home of a certain rich New Yorker brought about a nine months' strike of all the laborers employed upon that misguided man's domicile. His tardy consent to a reproduction of the cornice by American workmen, at five times the cost of the original, ended the strike, and the consignment from Paris represents to-day so much lumber.

The means to great ends sometimes takes on strange and repellent shapes. Perhaps this tyranny of labor is to force upon us all a realization of the Utopia wherein no one is overworked because everybody lends a hand. But that is mere speculation. The truth at present seems to be that one may be quick with sympathy for the cause of labor, yet tempted to join issues with its sternest critics in their reproof of methods that no fair man can defend.



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### SOCIETY

Mr. Henry Garland, of Kansas City, is the guest of Mr. H. G. T. Taylor and Miss Kate Taylor.

Senator Marcus Hanna is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Van Blarcom, of Westmoreland place.

Mrs. Nannie L. Wright, of Delmar boulevard, is among the May passengers of a German liner.

Mr. Joseph Dickson will go abroad in June for a short trip, taken for the benefit of his health.

Mr. Horatio N. Davis, with Mrs. Davis and the children, will spend the summer in Europe, leaving in June.

Mr. M. L. Gray and his daughter, Miss Eva Gray, have staying with them, this week, Mr. A. Brown, of Columbus, O.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Flad, of Westminster place, will sail next week. They will be accompanied by Miss Louise Knapp.

Mr. Samuel Dodd has just bought the D. D. Walker home in Vandeventer place and will take possession of it within a fortnight.

Governor John Walter Smith and Colonel L. Victor Baughman are being entertained by Mr. and Mrs. William H. Thomson.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Bertram Cady have arranged to leave for Europe early in May. They will return in time for the fall season.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Marion McCall are entertaining their relatives, Mr. and

Mrs. J. A. McCall, and Mrs. Whittaker, of New York.

Face and scalp treated by massage and electricity at Fidella Cosmetic Parlors, DeMenil Bldg., Seventh and Pine.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Haarstick, with their daughter, Mrs. Clinton Whittemore, and infant son, Henry, will go to Rye Beach early in June.

Mrs. C. Laumeier and her son, Henry, have engaged passage to Europe for the first week in July. They will be absent the entire summer.

Mrs. Joseph Schnalder and the Misses Schnalder gave a reception on Tuesday afternoon prior to their sailing for Europe the middle of May.

Doctor and Mrs. T. Griswold Comstock have returned for the dedication festivities from French Lick Springs, Ind., where they have been since Easter.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Gratz, with their niece, Miss Cecil Hough, and Miss Louie Brown, of Kirkwood, returned from a trip up the Meramec on Capt. Gratz' new boat.

Mr. and Mrs. George Willard Teasdale, of Delmar boulevard, have for their guest during dedication week Lieutenant George Pittenger, of Governor Yates' staff.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bry, of Washington boulevard, will sail in June, to be gone several months. Mr. Bry will be accompanied by all the members of his family.

The engagement of Miss Jessie Rothschild, of Washington boulevard, and Mr. Joe Marx, was formally announced at the bride's home, on Sunday afternoon, by her parents.

Governor Steele, of Oklahoma, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Howard, at their home, on Lindell boulevard, where the Teasdales will give a large house party on Thursday.

Miss Mary B. Temple, of Tennessee, who is visiting Mrs. Louise Sumner, is one of the invited guests of the Exposition, she having been a vice-president of the Nashville Centennial.

Mrs. William McMillan, of Portland place, who is now in England visiting her son, will return next month and immediately open her summer home at Magnolia Beach, Mass.

Mrs. J. Humphrys Crawford, of New York, is the guest of Miss Mathilda Anderson, of Lindell boulevard. Miss Anderson and Mrs. Lague will give several functions in honor of their guest.

Mr. Harvey Andrew Peterson, who has just been chosen to fill the chair of philosophy and education at the University of Nashville, Peabody College for teachers, will leave for the South early next week.

Mrs. T. B. Boyd entertained her whist club last Thursday afternoon. The club is composed of expert players, among whom are Mes. L. F. Jones, D. S. Bowles, W. Shallcross, H. W. Hough and Anderson Gratz.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ehlermann, of Mississippi avenue, leave for Europe on the Fuerst Bismark. Mr. Ehlermann has just returned from Salt Lake City. The Ehlermanns will return, as usual, the middle of September.

Capt. and Mrs. F. C. Rice have as their house guests, this week, Col. Charles Morton, U. S. A., Eleventh Cavalry; Miss Whiting, of St. Clair, Mich., and Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Harrington, of Port Huron.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. S. Cobb have for their guests during dedication week the Misses Farwell, of Rockland, Me. During their winter sojourn in New Orleans the Misses Farwell were entertained at several functions given for Miss Alice Roosevelt.

Major-General and Mrs. Henry C. Corbin are the dedication guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Fordyce. Mrs. Fordyce gave a luncheon on Monday in honor of her guests, and on Tuesday an informal reception was given at the Fordyce home for Mrs. Corbin.

Miss Cecil Hough, who is to be one of the pretty June brides, will be the guest of honor at a tea given for her to-mor-

## Sheffield Plate.

We have just unpacked, and placed on sale and exhibition, probably the most complete line of this beautiful ware that will be found anywhere.

\*\*\*

Sheffield Plate has three dominating qualities. indestructibility, uniqueness of design and a price within the reach of all.

## BOLLAND JEWELRY CO.

Seventh Street at Locust.

WE MAKE THEM.

WHAT?

UMBRELLAS,

PARASOLS and CANES.

IT'S FROM  
FACTORY  
TO YOU



A SAVING  
WORTH TAKING.

519  
LOCUST.

*Namendorf*  
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

## 100 New Rooms.

Fronting *The Monticello*, At Kingshighway  
Forest Park and West Pine Bl'vd.

Engage family suites in new house with decorations to suit.

L. C. IRVINE, President and Manager.

### WHY?

can you buy to better advantage at The Palace, than at any other store in St. Louis?

Simply because we buy all domestic goods direct from manufacturers, eliminating the middleman's profit and import direct all goods of foreign manufacture.

When we get the goods we ask only a reasonable profit on them.

Add to this, knowing just what to buy and where to buy it and the whole secret is out.

We make a Specialty of  
WEDDING PRESENTS AND  
CARD PRIZES.

**The PALACE**  
512 Locust St.  
THE ONLY EXCLUSIVE NOVELTY  
HOUSE IN ST. LOUIS.

PHONE MAIN 676 A.  
MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY.

**Dr. Matthew J. Hickey,**

Dentist,

Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. N. W. Cor. Grand and Finney.

EFFICIENCY EXCELS  
TRY  
**GERMILETUM**  
ANTISEPTIC  
TOOTH PASTE

THE IDEAL  
DENTIFRICE

REFRESHES  
PRESERVES  
PURIFIES  
NO ACID  
DRUGGISTS

15¢





## California for \$33

From Chicago, \$30 from St. Louis, \$25 from Kansas City. Low rates from East generally.

Daily, to June 15.

Through tourist sleepers and Harvey meals.

Homeseekers traverse by this line the rich San Joaquin Valley.

"Santa Fe all the way," Chicago and Kansas City to Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco.

Interesting pamphlets free, telling about cheap lands in California.

A. ANDREWS, General Agent,  
108 N. Fourth St. St. Louis, Mo.

## Santa Fe

# PATNT

### A Gallon of Paint

Will do more to beautify a home, its furnishings or surroundings, than any expenditure of like amount in any other way.

*All Paint is Cheap,  
Even Good Paint.  
Then why use Poor  
Paint?*

**MOUND CITY PAINT & COLOR CO.,  
GREGG VARNISH CO.,**

Makers of Reliable Products,  
811 & 813 N. 6TH STREET,  
ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Norris B. Gregg, President.  
Wm. H. Gregg, Jr., Vice-President.  
E. H. Dyer, Secretary.

## BANKERS Say of

### Draughon's College,

TENTH AND OLIVE STREET.

Thirty-six (36) bank cashiers endorse DRAUGHON'S PRACTICAL BUS. COLLEGE, n. w. cor. Tenth and Olive (new building), as a school that is reliable, that gives superior instruction, that has special facilities for securing positions; 160-page illustrated catalogue, containing above-mentioned testimonials and other advice as to why it will pay you to attend Draughon's College in preference to any other, is free. Call, write or phone (Main 108 M). Open day and night. If wish position, may pay tuition after course is completed and position secured.

### NEW BOOKS AT CUT PRICES.

When Patty Went to College, Jean Webster; A Virginia Girl in the Civil War, Myrta L. Avery; The Work of Wall Street, S. S. Pratt; The Traitors, E. Phillips Oppenheim; Before the Dawn, Joseph A. Altsheler; The Chameleon, James Weber Slinn; The Comedy of Conscience, S. Weir Mitchell; Handicapped Among the Free, Emma Wayner, and many other popular books at popular prices. JETT'S BOOK STORE,  
806 Olive street.

### OLD BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

A. J. CRAWFORD,  
TENTH AND PINE STS. ST. LOUIS, MO.

take his bride abroad, going first to England, where his aunt, Lady Blair, has placed her country place, Ramonia, near Manchester, at their disposal for a fortnight. Later they will make a tour of the continent.

A gathering of the Gentrys will take place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Shelton, who will entertain during the season of festivities Mrs. Jael Gentry, of Sedalia; the Misses Ruth and Elizabeth Gentry, of Kansas City; Mrs. Richard Gentry, of Lexington, Ky., and Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Duke, of Kansas City.

The marriage of Mr. George F. Mockler and Miss Mae J. O'Neill took place Tuesday morning at St. Ann's Church, the Rev. O. J. McDonald officiating. After the wedding breakfast, served at the home of the bride, 3961 Cook avenue, Mr. and Mrs. Mockler departed for Virginia resorts, with a visit to New York, Philadelphia and Washington in contemplation before their return.

Miss Hilda Levy, of Washington boulevard, and Mr. Lee Sale were married on Monday at Mahler's, the ceremony being performed at half past six o'clock by Rev. Dr. Sale, brother of the bridegroom, in the presence of a large number of friends. The hall was decorated with a great number of spring blossoms, and after the ceremony a bridal dinner was served in the banquet hall below, after which the happy pair departed for a honeymoon tour East.

The Morton Jourdans, always foremost in hospitality, have with them this week Mr. John Morton, of Richmond, Mo.; Mr. and Mrs. John Green, of Jefferson City, and Mrs. Thomas McDearmon, of Kansas City; Mr. and Mrs. Murray Carleton, Mr. and Mrs. John Grant, Mr. Davis Arnold, of Kansas City, and a bevy of young girls, friends of Miss Byrd Jourdan, have been asked to meet the out-of-town guests on Thursday for the parade review.

St. Louis society lost one of her prettiest belles last Saturday, when Mr. Walter Sturges, of Providence, R. I., carried off as his bride, Miss Marie Hayes, of Lindell boulevard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Hayes. The wedding was a home ceremony, at four o'clock, witnessed by a limited number of friends. The bride was attended by Mrs. Sam Plant, as matron of honor, and Misses Daisy Aull, Josephine Walsh, Florence Hayes, Dorothy Sturges and Bernadotte Kelley, as bridesmaids. Mr. William Mauran was the groom's best man, a number of men from Providence and other Eastern cities serving as ushers and groomsmen. Mr. and Mrs. Sturges have now gone on their bridal tour. They will reside in Providence.

The marriage of Miss Adelaide Anderson and Mr. Robert Grosse, which took place on Wednesday morning, was one of the prettiest events of the week, the ceremony being performed at the New Cathedral Chapel at ten o'clock, in the presence of a large gathering of relatives and friends. The bride entered, at the appointed hour, on the arm of her father, Mr. Lorenzo Anderson, who gave her away, and was attended by her sister, Miss Mildren Anderson, as maid of honor, and Misses Marie Anderson and Rachel Grosse, of Normany, as bridesmaids. Mr. Grosse had for his best man his brother, Mr. Linton Grosse, and the ushers and groomsmen were Merris J. A. Kinsella, Clarence Gamble, James Dendri, Benjamin F. Linton, Charles F. O'Reilly and Edward M. Gilman. Mr. and Mrs. Grosse will make their home in Las Vegas, N. M.

Willie Slimson—Papa, tell me a fairy story. Slimson—But, Willie, I don't know any. Willie Slimson—That's strange. Mother says you tell them to her right along. But the stories one hears of Swope's shoes are not of the "Papa Slimson" sort. On the contrary, our patrons, one and all, testify to the truthfulness of our assertions regarding perfect fit and durability, etc., by ever returning to us for their yearly shoe-goods. Swope's

## Scruggs Vandervoort & Barney

### French Undermuslins

When you consider the fact that the beauty and the value of these dainty garments depend upon the execution of the needlework, you will readily understand that the personal selections made by an expert undermuslin buyer are sure to be of the highest merit.

Thousands of garments are handled and sorted over each season by our undermuslin buyer while in Paris. These personal selections are the goods we offer to you.

#### Petticoats—\$1.50 to \$37.50.

At \$1.50, one of French percale, Spanish flounce, with large hand-embroidered scallop.

At \$4.50, of French Cambric, deep flounce elaborately hand-embroidered, hand-scalloped Van Dyke points.

#### Drawers—\$1.35 to \$17.50.

At \$1.35, of French cambric, hand tucks, brier stitching and hand-scalloped ruffles.

#### Chemises—\$1.00 to \$14.50.

At \$1.00, of French percale, hand-embroidered yoke.

#### Gowns—\$2.00 to \$25.00

At \$2.00, of French percale, hand-tucked and hand-embroidered.

At \$4.50, of French nainsook, medium low round neck, half sleeves, trimmed with dainty valenciennes lace, veining, ribbon beading and bow.

#### Corset Covers—\$1.75 to \$11.50

At \$1.75, of French nainsook, tucked back, hand-scalloped.

At \$3.75, of French nainsook, dainty embroidered design, hand-embroidered eyelets drawn with ribbon, tucked back.

## New Summer Millinery

### Swell Dress Hats.

### Exclusive Shopping Hats.

# Sonnenfeld's

LACKERMAN. MANAGERS E.B. KLINE.  
419-421-423-425 N. BROADWAY.

For Ladies  
and Gentlemen.

String Quintette evenings  
Music Director H. Wallace.

## Colonial Cafe

Gus Voigt, Proprietor.  
(formerly of Planters Hotel.)

SOUTHWEST CORNER  
Grand Avenue and  
Morgan Street.

D. 1475—Lindell 109.  
Saint Louis.

shoes are the best. Swope's is at 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.

A startling array of the popular Kaiser Zinn, suitable for wedding gifts, at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.

### WHERE JACK GETS BUSY.

A German Jack tar, for murthering a petty officer, has been sentenced to death, to penal servitude for six years, to dismissal from the navy and to perpetual loss of civil rights. A movement is on foot to get the latter part of the punishment remitted.—London Punch.



# A NEW DEPARTMENT ANTI-TRUST PHOTO SUPPLIES

Our new department on main floor is now open under management of Forrest High, who needs no introduction to the kodakers.

## OUR OPENING BARGAINS.

Ideal Developer, for plates, films or papers; regular price 10c tube—our price ..... 5c  
Seeds' Metal-Hydro. Developing Powders; regular price 25c—our price, per box ..... 12½c  
Acid Fixing Bath or Plates or Papers; regular price 15c—our price ..... 5c  
3½x3½ Film Camera, with brilliant view finder, worth \$8.00—Opening Sale ..... \$3.98

HYPO ..... 3c lb  
Regular price, 10c.

Bradley's Talcum Powder, Regular 25c ..... 12c

## BATH GOODS.

Positively the finest line of bath requisites ever shown in St. Louis.

Special Loofahs, regular 25c ..... 9c

Cash's Patent Bath Towel, reg. price \$2.25—cut to ..... \$1.65

Cash's Patent Wash Rags, reg. price 50c—cut to ..... 35c

Cash's Patent Bath Mitts, reg. price \$1.00—cut to ..... 85c

Loofah Bath Mitts, reg. price 35c pair—cut to ..... 25c

Turkish Bath Towels (very fine), reg. \$1.75 each—cut to ..... \$1.19

Wash Rags, reg. 10c—special price. 5c

We have a large line of English Mandruca Sponges ranging in price from 75c to \$6.00 each.

Also a line of Russian Rubber Sponges, ranging in price from 45c to \$2.00.

HYPO ..... 3c lb  
Regular price, 10c.

Bradley's Talcum Powder, Regular 25c ..... 12c

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Turkish Bath Towels (very fine), reg. \$1.75 each—cut to ..... \$1.19

Wash Rags, reg. 10c—special price. 5c

We have a large line of English Mandruca Sponges ranging in price from 75c to \$6.00 each.

Also a line of Russian Rubber Sponges, ranging in price from 45c to \$2.00.

## THE ANSCO FILM.

This film is adapted for all Kodaks and is 10 per cent cheaper than the Trust.

3½x3½—12 Exposure ..... 54c Roll  
3½x3½—6 Exposure ..... 27c Roll  
3½x4¼—12 Exposure ..... 63c Roll  
3½x4¼—6 Exposure ..... 31c Roll  
4x5—12 Exposure ..... 80c Roll

## FREE SCHOOL OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

Let us help you get better results. Demonstrations every Saturday evening, 7:30 to 9 p. m.

Pozzoni's Face Powder, Regular 50c ..... 29c

Woodbury's Face Powder, Regular 25c ..... 17c

## LEATHER GOODS.

Fine Wrist Bags and Netsugas, made or the most fashionable leathers, with highest grade mountings.

A personal inspection of our stock is earnestly solicited, as we feel confident that these goods will interest you.

We have also a large line of Ladies' and Men's Coin Purses and Pocket-books. Our prices are 30 per cent less than elsewhere.

Antikamnia and Codeine Tablets, for deep-Seated Coughs, Colds and Woman's Pains ..... Oz. box, \$1.00; doz. 20c

## DEVELOPING.

We have equipped a model dark room and fitted it with all modern conveniences, and will make a specialty of developing films and plates.

Our work will be of the highest class, and we guarantee the best results.

Why pay 40c, when we do better work for 25c dozen.

4x5 Stanley Dry Plates ..... 29c doz

A few of the specialties which we carry and show in the Rubber Goods department.

Rubber Sheetting, per yard, \$1.25, \$1.00 and ..... 75c

Rubber Bibs, reg. 50c—cut to, each ..... 25c

Rubber Aprons, reg. \$1.50—cut to, each ..... 95c

Rubber Diapers, reg. 65c—cut to, each ..... 35c

Silk Pillows, lined with finest rubber, each ..... \$5.00

Rubber Gloves, reg. \$1.50 pair—cut to ..... 98c

Sateen Travelers' Companion, reg. \$3.50—cut to ..... \$2.19

Invalid Cushions, reg. \$3.00—cut to \$1.49

Ladies' Braces (lace back), reg. \$2.00—cut to ..... \$1.49

Knickerbocker Braces, pair, 50c and 75c

Rubber Tubing, regular length for syringe ..... 29c

Marvel Whirling Spray Syringe, reg. \$3.50 ..... \$2.98

## Mellier's Perfumes,

the finest made in America.

## MELLIER'S PERFUMES

are equal to any of the high priced French extracts and cost you much less. Notice our prices and when down town ask us to show you your favorite odor of Mellier's make.

## Mellier's Quintuple Perfumes

Belle of Roses, Honeysuckle,  
Belle of Violets, Savoy Violet,  
Belle of Pinks, Peou d'Espagne,  
Belle of Lilacs, Vogue,  
Belle of Lilies, Shamrock,  
50 cents an ounce.

## Mellier's Special.

American Beauty Persiana,  
Carnation Pink, Trefle,  
Lilac, White Rose,  
75 cents an ounce.

## Mellier's Special.

Florescence,  
Violette-Superbe,  
The Sensational Violet.  
The finest ever made, \$1.25 on ounce.  
Florescence Perfume Ideal, the popular odor of the day, \$1.25 an ounce.  
Mellier's Perfumes are made in St. Louis.

JUDGE & DOLPH'S New Drug Store, 515 Olive St.,

is midway between Barr's corner and Scrugg's Olive St. entrance.

## Fine Diamonds

-AND OTHER-

## PRECIOUS STONES

Mounted and Unmounted at

## F. W. Drosten's,

Seventh and Pine Streets.

## White's

NEW RESTAURANT and OYSTER HOUSE

Broadway, bet. Olive and Locust

CUISINE and SERVICE PERFECT

TABLES RESERVED BY TELEPHONE

Bell, Main 2496 - Kinloch, A 623

EDWARD E. WHITE

## HOW REED WAS BLUFFED

The late Thomas B. Reed was without fear of man, but he never did have much nerve at poker. A few may still recall a little game in a back room in Portland, when the limit was a dollar, and a certain sharp-faced little man sorely vexed the great speaker of the house.

The little man seemed to be getting all the bad cards which he threw down with exclamations of disgust. At last he made a bet, and all the players dropped out except Mr. Reed, who eyed his own three aces complacently and raised him heavily. The little man snickered, and came back with an equally heavy raise. Mr. Reed opened his round, little mouth, blinked his little black eyes, and gurgled with uneasiness; but he shoved his chips on the pile and put an extra red on top. The little man covered the red, then deftly swept the whole of his stack on to the board and eyed the great man with a superior smile. Mr. Reed lurched back in his chair, looked at his opponent severely for a moment, and—quit. Then the little man spread out a pair of trays and gathered in his winnings.

"Why, confound you, sir," roared the



speaker of the house, "you ought to join the senate lobby."—New York Times.

## NOT APPRECIATED

Bjorks—It certainly seems to me that a man like Bjackson, who has worked hard all his life and brought up a family of sixteen children, deserves a great deal of credit.

Bjones—No doubt. But he can't get it at the stores.—Sommerville (Mass.) Journal.

## THE WEST END HOTEL,

Vandeventer Avenue and West Belle Place.

Absolutely Fire-Proof. Strictly High-Class. Both Plans.

RESTAURANT AND GRILL ROOM.

FORSTER HOTEL COMPANY.

DAVID LAUBER, Manager.



# German Savings Institution

ORGANIZED 1853.

CAPITAL, \$500,000, SURPLUS, \$1,000,000.  
UNDIVIDED PROFITS, \$269,726.36.

## OFFICERS

JOHN WAHL, - - - President.  
WM. KOENIG, - - - Vice-President.  
RICHARD HOSPES, - - - Cashier.  
H. HUNICKE, - - - Assistant Cashier.

## DIRECTORS

WM. J. LEMP, A. NEDDERHUT, OTTO F. MEISTER  
WM. KOENIG, W. C. UHRI, JOHN WAHL,  
LOUIS FUSZ, RICHARD HOSPES, CHAS. A. STOCKSTROM.

## COMPARATIVE STATEMENT OF CONDITION AT CLOSE OF BUSINESS, JANUARY 2, 1903.

### ASSETS

	May 31, 1853	May 28, 1873	May 30, 1893	Jan. 2, 1903
Loans and Discounts	\$ 400.00	\$1,450,716.69	\$3,192,678.30	\$6,235,924.05
Missouri State				
St. Louis City and other Bonds		432,001.25	595,758.74	909,930.00
Real Estate		38,291.16	56,160.41	109,000.00
Cash and Sight Exchange	13,503.57	365,818.34	689,474.21	1,856,770.16
Total	\$13,903.57	\$2,285,827.44	\$4,524,071.66	\$9,111,624.21

### LIABILITIES

Capital	\$ 5,000.00	\$ 60,000.00	\$ 250,000.00	\$ 500,000.00
Surplus and Profits	27.57	62,940.66	542,777.38	\$1,269,726.36
Deposits	8,876.00	2,162,886.78	3,741,294.28	7,341,897.85
Total	\$13,903.57	\$2,285,827.44	\$4,534,071.66	\$9,111,624.21

Without change of name or style the oldest banking institution in existence in the State of Missouri.  
Successfully passed through all financial panics from 1857 to date.  
Total cash dividends paid to stockholders since organization, \$856,500.00.  
Issues letters of credit available throughout the civilized world.  
Pays interest on time deposits at 3 per cent per annum.  
Pays interest on current accounts at 2 per cent per annum.  
This institution solicits the accounts of corporations, firms and individuals, and guarantees the best of care and attention to any business intrusted to it.

S. W. Corner Fourth and Pine Streets,  
Planters Hotel Building,  
ST. LOUIS, - - - MISSOURI.

## AN EXCEPTIONAL CASE

"Don't you think that six clubs is a good many for a married man like yourself to belong to?"  
"But, my darling, you must remember that not every married man has a woman like you for a wife."—Life.

**Schoen's  
Sorchestra**  
Latest Popular Music.  
ADDRESS  
THE ODEON  
OR  
Balmer & Weber's  
Phone: Lindell 1220

# Sack Suits



Here's an idea of the variety of patterns and styles we carry in Sack Suits.  
Your size in any of them

3 Styles at.....	\$30.00	30 Styles at.....	\$20.00
4 Styles at.....	\$28.00	40 Styles at.....	\$18.00
16 Styles at.....	\$25.00	50 Styles at.....	\$15.00
20 Styles at.....	\$22.00	20 Styles at.....	\$12.00

## Rain Coats in Favor.

We have sold more so far this year than in the first season of their appearance.  
No one knows until he wears one how many advantages the Rain Coat offers.  
Like the Top Coat, apparently, it has come to stay.

## Juvenile Clothes.

Elegant styles Norfolk, Russian Blouse and Sailor Suits in navy blue and royal serge, gray and tan homespuns and everything that is new and stylish.  
Children's Washable Suits in white and fancy linen and percale. Boys' Confirmation Suits.

## Right Styles in Hats.

Right prices, too. A choice of all the popular blocks at prices that go a long way to make them popular.  
Derby and Soft Hats.....\$2.00, \$3.00, \$4.00.  
Silk Hats.....\$5.00, \$6.00.  
Children's Hats from.....50c to \$3.00.  
And the best line in the city to select from.

## Spring Fixings.

Gloves.....	\$1.00 to \$1.50	Hosiery.....	25c, 50c, 75c.
Scarfs.....	50c to \$2.00	Suits.....	\$10.00 to \$30.00
Underwear.....	50c to \$3.00		

And everything in the list of Guaranteed Quality.

# Browning, King & Co.

## VAST WEALTH IN INSURANCE

There are seventy-nine life insurance companies in the United States, and they possess aggregate assets of 2,100 million dollars. Ninety per cent of this vast wealth is controlled by seventeen companies, and half of it by three companies. The jumbos among the life insurance companies are the Mutual of New York, with 382 millions of assets; the Equitable of New York, with 358 millions, and the New York Life, with 322 millions.

The total amount of insurance in force January 1, 1903, was 10,524 million dollars. This does not include the business of assessment companies and of benevolent organizations.

The payments to policy holders in 1902 fell a little short of 200 million dollars, and the total premiums collected from policy holders was 407 millions. The disbursements other than to policy holders amounted to 121 million dollars. The income from sources other than premiums was 97 million dollars, or very nearly 5 per cent on aggregate assets, showing a remarkable large income from investments, considering the fact that insurance companies must carry the highest class of securities.

The solidity of the insurance business seems to be thoroughly demonstrated by the fact that the companies are adding to their aggregate resources each year almost as much as their total annual payments to policy holders. The total income from all sources in 1902 was 504 millions, of which sum policy holders received a little less than 200 millions in death losses, annuities, dividends, etc. One hundred and twenty one millions were disbursed for other purposes, chiefly expenses, and the increase in assets was 188 millions. The latter amount is 5 millions larger than it should be to harmonize with the other figures. The difference probably is due to variations in the valuation of securities held.

In the past four years there has been an increase of 3,716 millions, or 54 per cent in the aggregate amount of insurance in force and the total assets of all companies have increased 633 millions, or 43 per cent. This enormous growth shows that the life insurance business has been keeping pace with the general prosperity of the country.

Over half the life insurance business of the country is done by New York companies. Those of New England do about 16 per cent and Western companies about 11 per cent.—Kansas City Star.

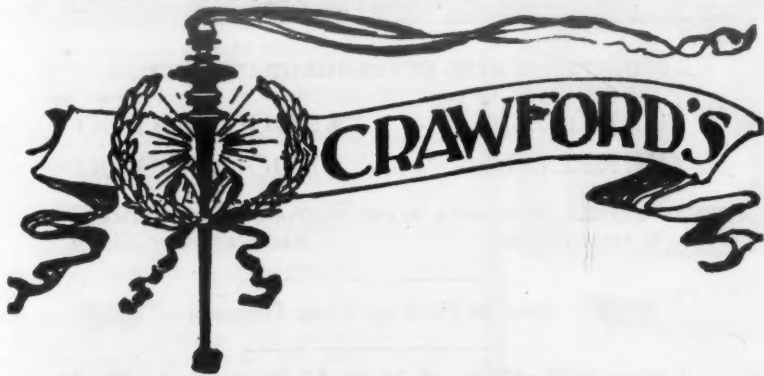
## BUSINESS-LIKE

De Style—How did he break his engagement with that telephone girl?  
Gunbusta—He just told her to "ring off."

De Style—And what did she say?  
Gunbusta—Nothing; she took it off and gave it to him.—New York Times.

Diamond and combination rings in great variety at prices as low as possible for high quality. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.





OUR GREAT WORLD'S FAIR STORE

MAKES TO THE WORLD'S FAIR VISITORS

SPECIAL DEDICATION PRICES

FOR DEDICATION WEEK.

D. Crawford & Co. will place on sale Black and Colored Silk, Colored Dress Goods and Black Goods, the cream of Lee, Tweedy & Co.'s stock. All new goods, purchased this season, and offered at Unmatchable Prices.



Finest qualities Black French Voiles, Eoliennes and Silk and Wool Crepe de Chine, 46 inches wide, cost Lee Tweedy & Co. to import \$1.75; Sale Price ..... \$1.20

### Silks.

44-inch All Silk Stripe Grenadine, new patterns and fast mesh, regular \$1.25 quality; Sale Price..... 89c  
23-inch Black Silk Taffetas, regular 85c quality; Sale Price..... 59c  
Stripe Silk Washable Peau de Soie, all Shades, cost L., T. & Co. 47½c; Sale Price ..... 39c  
26-inch Double Warped Colored Satin Printed Foulard, regular \$1.25 quality, all new designs; this week as long as they last..... 69c  
21-inch Black Silk Peau de Soie, extra quality, regular \$1.35 quality; Sale Price ..... 98c

### Black Goods.

All-Wool Black French Knob Etamine, the very latest novelty; cost Lee, Tweedy & Co. to import \$1.25; Sale Price ..... 89c  
Pure Wool and Mohair French Voile and Twine, 44 inches wide, cost Lee, Tweedy & Co. to import \$1.25; Sale Price ..... 98c  
All Pure Wool Black French Rope Twine Etamine, the highest class novelty, cost Lee, Tweedy & Co. to import \$2.50; Sale Price ..... \$1 39

### Colored Dress Goods.

38-inch All Wool Crepe Cloth for Shirt-waist suits, Lee, Tweedy & Co.'s price 47½c; Sale Price..... 39c  
36-inch All Wool Fench Voile Etamine and Mistral, 30 shades to select from; Sale Price..... 47½c  
All-Silk and Wool Solid Challies, with satin stripes, for waists, Lee, Tweedy & Co.'s price 67½c; Sale Price..... 49c  
45-inch Fine French Mistral Etamine, in navy, reseda and champagne color, Lee, Tweedy & Co.'s price 72½c; Sale Price..... 59c  
42-inch special quality All-Wool French Plain Voile, Lee Tweedy & Co.'s price \$1.12½; Sale Price..... 89c  
42-inch Pure Silk Warp French Eolienne Crepe and Crepe de Chine, including all the street and evening wear shades, Lee Tweedy & Co.'s price \$1.39; Sale Price..... \$1 00  
46-inch French Silk Voile, finest goods imported, latest colorings; Sale Price \$1 25

### DEDICATION SURPRISES IN Attractive Millinery.

It will pay you to come to Crawford's.

The Now Popular and Much Sought for.....

### "Shirt-Waist Hat"

We are showing in a varied assortment. It is very effective in Milan, Chip, Tuscan and Burnt Straw. Straps of velvet ribbon, wings, quills, bunches of fruit, pompons, etc. Worth \$8—Dedication Price..... \$6

It will pay you to come to Crawford's.

Smart Tailored Hats in fine straw, draped silk ribbon rosettes, wings, ornaments. Were \$7. Dedication Price.....\$5.50

It will pay you to come to Crawford's.

Pretty Misses, and Children's Hats trimmed in forget-me-not and poppy wreaths, cherries, lilies of the valley, velvet ribbon, etc.—Dedication Price \$2.98, \$3.50, \$4 and ..... \$6

It will pay you to come to Crawford's.

Street Hats in black, white, tan, navy, brown. Trimmed in velvet, quills, brushes and ornaments—Dedication Price .....\$1 98

It will pay you to come to Crawford's.

### Ladies' Suits, Waists, Skirts, Jackets, Etc.

Ladies' up-to-date tailor-made, all wool Serge Suits, trimmed with stole and fancy collar, very full, stylish sleeves; colors, blue, brown, black, and brown or green mixtures; fancy braid trimmings; Dedication Price, \$13.75 and .....\$15.00



Ladies' fine Voile Skirt, in blue, black and castor, trimmed with straps and silk folds over hip, finished at bottom of skirt with 15 silk folds, full flare, regular \$15.00 skirt, Dedication Price .....\$10.98

Ladies' Sicilian Walking Skirts, some tucked, others plain flaring stitched bottom, colors royal, navy and black, reduced from \$6.75 and \$8.00 to, Dedication Price ..... \$2.75

Ladies' Silk Taffeta Blouses, trimmed with white and black mixed fancy braid, collarless, double-breasted, good lining of satin; Dedication Price ..... \$8.25

Ladies' Wash Skirts, in white pique and navy blue polka dot, trimmed with white and blue fancy braids; some finished with two flounces at bottom; a bargain; Dedication Price...50c to \$2.50

Ladies' Peau de Soie Monte Carlo Jackets, trimmed with cape collar and stoles, fancy ornaments; regular price \$12.50; Dedication Price ..... \$7.50

Ladies' Black Silk Peau de Soie Skirts, trimmed in three clustered folds over hip, center and near bottom of skirt; also with fine braids between folds; drop skirt with plaited flounce; Dedication Price .....\$15.00

Ladies' Blue and Black Sicilian Sunburst Skirts; extra hip piece over top of skirt, finished with three tucks; a special bargain; Dedication Price ..... \$6.75

Our Trimmed Hat Department is ready to meet the heavy demand and various requirements the Dedication entails.

Our stock is most complete in every detail, embracing an extensive line of hats of every conceivable design prescribed for summer wear.

We are never out of stock and keep everything pertaining to up-to-date Millinery.



WASHINGTON AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET.



## THE STOCK MARKET

Continued covering of short lines, and somewhat easier money conditions have conspired to facilitate efforts to lift stock market values, and even given rise to hopes, in the breasts of over-enthusiastic speculators, that Wall street is on the threshold of another decisive bull movement. The advance in prices was not very marked, but fairly uniform. Pressure to sell was less in evidence and the bear contingent careful to keep close to shore. Undoubtedly, the advance would have gone still further but for the disquieting news from East Africa, where the British suffered a bad defeat, and from the Far Orient, where Russia's demand for what are practically sovereign rights over Manchuria have aroused the jealousy and hatred of Japan. Of course, it is easy to magnify news of this kind. At the present writing, prospects of a great conflict in China are very slim. None of the powers is, apparently, willing to engage in a war the outcome of which would benefit neither victor nor vanquished. So far as the troubles in Somaliland are concerned, England may be relied upon to suppress them as soon as sufficient forces have been concentrated there to cope with the Moslem fanatics.

As matters stand, such foreign considerations cannot be said to have any legitimate bearing upon American security markets. Of course, they affect speculative sentiment adversely, but sentiment does not count for much in the long run. The successful financier and stock-trader will keep his eagle eye fixed on actual, underlying conditions, such as general business, railroad and industrial earnings, the range of quotations, money markets, foreign exchange and those political and legal developments which have a tendency either to encourage or to restrict investment and enterprise. At the present time, the New York money market is in a more comfortable position than it has been for many weeks. Call loans are being made at rates which remind one of the good old days when funds could be obtained on any old stock, and when banking institutions were not particularly discriminative in selecting customers and collateral. This prevailing improvement in money rates should not be allowed, however, to mislead conservative operators, for there is good reason to believe that it will be but temporary in duration, in view of the fact that the Associated Banks are not as yet in a position that could be called strong, and are still compelled to face the danger of withdrawals of gold for shipment to Europe. A few shrewd observers even incline to the suspicion that the sudden lowering of call loan rates was ordered

by influential banks, connected with the great stock-burdened syndicates, simply for the purpose of restoring confidence and inducing outsiders again to come into the market as purchasers. That there is still some hope entertained at headquarters of another bull market before a great while cannot be questioned. Neither can it be questioned that if there is any way at all to conquer the scruples of the great banks in regard to the advisability of facilitating another rise in values, these syndicates will devise and employ it successfully.

Broadly considered, the existing situation does not warrant bull activity. No matter what leading financiers may, or may not affect to believe, the monetary situation is not what it should be, and utterly opposed to stock manipulation on any such large scale as a bull movement ordinarily calls for. It will not do to overlook the remarkable strength in sterling exchange, and the disinclination of the Bank of England to reduce the rate of discount from the 4 per cent level, at which it was fixed last October. Neither will it do to forget that business activity on the Continent is increasing, and that the flotation of various large government and municipal loans is in contemplation. British consols, it is true, are once more displaying a rising tendency, but French rentes are still weak and drooping. They are now quoted at barely 98½. American speculators may confidently expect a decided strain on our money market in case of any acceleration of the improving tendency in England, Germany and France. In connection with this, it may not be amiss to recall the prophecy made, about two years ago, by a prominent observer of international finance, that a business revival in Europe would mark the beginning of a retrograde movement in America. That prophecy was, of course, based on the logical assumption that an upward movement in the prices of European securities and commodities would, necessarily, curtail the supply of funds for American syndicates to draw upon. It would be unreasonable to expect Europeans to be very anxious to accommodate us, when they are afforded good opportunities to employ their idle capital to excellent advantage at home.

The decision rendered by Judge Grosscup, under the Interstate Commerce and Elkins Acts, enjoining six railroads from discriminating against small shippers in the West has created an unpleasant impression, coming, as it did, right on the heels of the Northern Securities decision. It would seem that Wall street is in for a protracted period of legal wrangles, and all on account of the exigencies of a political situation which compel the National administration to do something along trust-"busting" lines.

In reference to the United States Steel Corporation's first complete annual report, it may be said that it is not as gratifying as one was led to expect it would be by the many roseate statements which emanated, in the last few months, from inside sources. The surplus in the treasury is now actually smaller, by about \$5,000,000, than it was two years ago, and the statistical figures of the concern's business furnish sufficient proof that its percentage of the country's output of iron and steel products is slowly decreasing. The more one studies the report, the more one is disposed to criticize the management for beginning the payment of dividends on the common shares within a few months after incorporation. It would have been much better for the permanent interests of the corporation and its shareholders if the common stock had been left among the non-dividend-payers. The money that is paid on it should remain in the treasury, or go into those improvements to provide for which the company recently resorted to the borrowing of \$50,000,000 in the open market.

The raid on Metropolitan appears to have subsided. There has been a rally of several points, and intimations are banded about that libel suits are to be

## THE FOURTH NATIONAL BANK

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT DEPOSITORY.

CAPITAL, - - - \$1,000,000.00

SURPLUS, - - - \$1,000,000.00

H. A. FORMAN, President. EDWARD A. FAUST, Vice Pres. DAVID SOMMERB, 2d Vice Pres.  
G. A. W. AUGST, Cashier, VAN L. RUNYAN, Asst Cashier

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Prompt Attention and Courtesy Assured.

S.E. COR. FOURTH &amp; OLIVE ST.

Sole Agents North German-Lloyd S. S. Line.

## St. Louis Union Trust Co.

N. W. COR. FOURTH AND LOCUST STS.

Capital and Surplus

\$9,000,000.00

Interest Allowed on Deposits.

ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.

## LINCOLN TRUST CO.

SEVENTH AND CHESTNUT STS.

3% on Savings Accounts.

## WHITAKER &amp; COMPANY,

BOND &amp; STOCK BROKERS.

Investment Securities a Specialty

Direct Private Wire to New York.

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ST. LOUIS

## ALEX KONTA

BROKER,

Stock Exchange Building,  
ST. LOUIS MO.Issues Letters of Credit and Drafts  
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Don't send money by mail.  
Pay your bills by check.  
No risk or loss; each check its own receipt.  
Businesslike and convenient.  
We pay 2% interest on Checking Accounts.

Capital, Surplus and Profits,  
\$8,150,000.00

**MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRUST CO.**  
FOURTH & PINE STS. ST. LOUIS



filed against several of the stock-jobbers who conducted the bear campaign against the shares ever since last fall. There may have been disreputable manipulation, and all that sort of thing, but no one who has followed the fortunes of the Metropolitan will care to hold this alone responsible for the big decline. The shares went down simply because they had to, simply because the confidence of shareholders was constantly being abused by a reckless management.

The Interstate Commerce decision, in regard to the recent advance in freight rates, is not as important as it looks. There is a good prospect that an appeal will be taken from it to the Federal Courts.

Latest indications encourage the belief that the Bank of England will reduce its rate of discount this week. Its proportion of reserve to liability is high enough to justify such a reduction.

#### LOCAL SECURITIES.

That there is an improving tendency in the local stock and bond market can no longer be denied. Purchasers are growing numerous, and brokers begin to wear big smiles, in anticipation of another period of plentiful commissions. The bear faction is less confident of its position, and those who had the courage and means to hang on to their holdings bought many months ago, at much higher prices, are now more hopeful than ever that, eventually, they will be given an opportunity to sell to good advantage. All that one can say of this sort of optimism is that it is refreshing.

Strong features in the past week were Commonwealth and Colonial Trust, which rose on the announcement of the consolidation deal. The former is now quoted at 303 and the latter may be bought at 196. Germania Trust is firm and selling at 241½ and Missouri Trust at 127½. Mercantile is a trifle higher, sales having been made at 396. and St. Louis Union is going at 353. Bank of Commerce is steady at 379½. Lincoln Trust is quoted at 253½ bid; Boatmen's 235 bid, Third National at 330 bid, and American Exchange at 335 asked.

Transit is higher. It is now selling at 28. United preferred weakened a trifle, sales being made at 79½. Central Coal and Coke common is lower and obtainable at 64½. Missouri-Edison is unchanged at 24½. National Candy common is offered at 27.

There has been no special change in the bond market. United Railways are selling at 84; Kinloch 6s at 108, and St. Louis Brewing 6s are quiet, being offered at 95. Missouri-Edison 5s are selling at 97.

Money is a little more abundant at the local banks. Drafts on New York still are in good demand. Sterling is strong at 4.88.

#### ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

W. T., Macon, Mo.—Would sell Manhattan at limit named. Brooklyn Rapid Transit is not attractive. There are strong "tips" to buy it, but they come, as usual, from uncertain sources.

L. L. J.—Think you will have a chance to sell your Southern Pacific without loss in the near future. The stock acts as if it had seen bottom.

F. R., St. Charles, Mo.—Would sell D. & R. G. common on first advance. Atchison common is entitled to a good-sized rally. Consider it doubtful, however, if it will touch your level.

U. T. R.—Can't advise purchases of Ontario & Western. Toledo preferred is in a dubious position. However, would recommend holding for awhile. The St. Louis Trust Company stock referred to is too high.

G. D., Houston, Tex.—Can't advise you to add to your holdings. Keep out of L. & N. Hocking Valley common is selling for all it is worth.

A. W., Quincy, Ill.—Consider the street railway bonds purely speculative. Would much prefer the municipal bonds in ques-

tion. The legal firm mentioned is of good standing.

L. S. F.—State National pays 6 per cent. The last semi-annual rate was paid in January. The stock is held by first-class people, and consider it worth current quotations.

#### THE NOMAD'S HOME

For those city dwellers, who can picture home merely as a solid structure of stone and iron, brick and timber there is something uncanny about the conception of the nomad, the man of the deserts and the prairies. To him, home is a vast solitude, a horizon-bounded emptiness. Confine him within four walls, and he languishes; lodge him in a city, and he dies. I have lain upon my back on the warm sand of the Soudan, lazily following, with my eyes, the bright star that led the wise men to Bethlehem; and I have understood the home-love of the Arab. I have walked on the grizzled South African veldt as the round, full-blooded sun rose like a salmon from the lake; and have felt the home-love of the Boer. I have lain awake, listening to the mysterious whisperings of the Canadian forests in the night; and have known the home-love of the Blackfoot and the Crow. I have heard the lion roar from his watering places at the dusk; and have realized the home-love of the Bantu. I have watched the waves of four great oceans; and have pulsed with the home-love of the sailor-man. To all of these, home is space, unfenced, unbounded, limitless, yet space made familiar by a thousand tricks of color, sound and perfume—a home as distinctive, as inalienable, as the cabin of an Irish peasant, or the manor of an English squire.

—Douglas Story in Smart Set.

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

## 3rd. NATIONAL BANK OF ST. LOUIS.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000.00  
SURPLUS AND PROFITS.....\$1,500,000.00

#### OFFICERS.

C. H. HUTTIG, President.  
W. B. WELLS, Vice President.

G. W. GALBREATH, Cashier.  
J. R. COOKE, Ass't Cashier.

#### DIRECTORS.

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GEO. T. CRAM.  
JNO. N. DRUMMOND.

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J. B. M. KEHLOR.  
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THOS. WRIGHT.  
F. WEYERHAEUSER.

B. F. YOAKUM. W. B. WELLS.  
C. H. HUTTIG. G. W. GALBREATH.

#### Condensed Statement of Condition at Close of Business April 9th, 1903.

RESOURCES.  
Loans and Discounts.....\$14,983,618.82  
United States Bonds at Par.... 1,146,000.00  
Other Stocks and Bonds..... 994,216.35  
Banking House..... 200,000.00  
Other Real Estate..... 11,000.00  
Cash and Sight Exchange.....\$9,576,162.13  
\$26,910,997.30

LIABILITIES.  
Capital Stock.....\$ 2,000,000.00  
Surplus..... 1,000,000.00  
Undivided Profits..... 525,678.21  
Circulation..... 1,050,000.00  
DEPOSITS.....\$22,335,319.09  
\$26,910,997.30

H. WOOD, President. Rich'd. B. BULLOCK, Vice-Prest. W. E. BERGER, Cashier.


## JEFFERSON BANK,

COR. FRANKLIN AND JEFFERSON AVES, - - ST. LOUIS, MO.

We grant every favor consistent with safe and sound banking.

Highest rates of interest paid on time deposits.

Letters of Credit and Foreign Exchange drawn payable in all parts of the world.



**Traveling by Daylight**  
ON THE  
**WABASH LINE**

Affords all the comforts to be had in the most luxurious homes or in the best of hotels, and the days pass only too swiftly.

The Parlor and Observation-Cafe Library Car features on the Wabash trains, together with the Free Reclining Chair Cars and Dining Cars, have become widely known and very popular.

Through Cars are run between St. Louis and Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha, New York, Boston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Denver, Portland, Ore., Minneapolis and St. Paul; between Chicago and Buffalo, New York, Boston and Montreal; between Kansas City and Buffalo.

**C. S. CRANE,**  
Gen'l Pass'r & Tkt Agt.  
St. Louis, Mo.

## Schraps Restaurant Co.,

623-625 Locust Street,

St. Louis.

High-Class Restaurant for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Music Evenings.

Open After Theater.





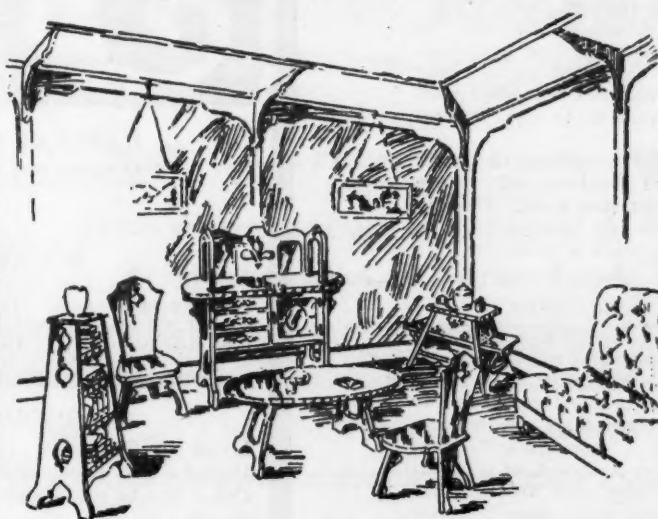
FOR GUESTS  
GET OUR

**Davenport  
Sofa Bed,  
\$35 to \$65.**

# Scarritt-Comstock

*Broadway,  
S. E. Cor. Locust.*

All that's Latest and Best in Furniture We have.



**"The Home  
Beautiful."**

How easily it  
can be made so.  
No matter how  
humble the cot-  
tage—how nec-  
essary to prac-  
tice economy—  
how pretentious  
the mansion—  
all can be well  
furnished at ou  
store.

**A DINING ROOM. Mission Style. Weathered Oak**  
The furniture illustrated is known as "The Mission Furni-  
ture." The style was first suggested from an old chair taken  
from one of the Spanish churches in Lower California, known  
as Mission. Our wax finish imparts a beautiful dull sheen.  
Its simplicity is its salient feature. It is furniture that is  
made to last, and combines comfort with utility.

**A DEN.** The furniture illustrated is selected from our  
large collection of that new and interesting treatment of oak  
—known as weathered. The wood is of a beautiful deep  
color, yet showing the strong grain. The antique leather  
give the pieces an effect all their own, reflecting the art of  
the designer and the hand of the craftsman.

DAINTY PARLOR PIECES  
RICH DINING ARTICLES.  
SUPERIOR DRESSERS.  
AND BEDS.  
BRASS AND IRON BEDS.

**Scarritt-Comstock Furniture Co.**  
BROADWAY AND LOCUST

GIFTS and  
WEDDING  
OUTFITS  
A SPECIALTY

## SOME GREAT MEN AT PLAY

Cardinal Richelieu, when tired of con-  
tending with the French nobles and  
baffling hostile conspirators, amused him-  
self with violent exercise, and would con-  
tend with his servant to see who could  
jump the higher. Cardinal Mazarin is  
said to have been fond of shutting him-  
self up in a room and jumping over the  
chairs arranged in positions that varied  
the difficulty of clearing them.

On one occasion he forgot to lock the  
door. A young courier inadvertently en-  
tered the room and surprised the cardinal  
in his undignified pursuit. It was an em-  
barrassing position, for Mazarin, he knew,  
was as haughty as he was eccentric. The  
young man was equal to the crisis. Feign-  
ing the intensest interest in the proceed-  
ings, he said, with well counterfeited  
earnestness: "I will bet your eminence  
two gold pieces that I can beat that  
jump." He had struck the right chord,  
and in two minutes he was measuring his  
leaping powers with those of the prime  
minister, whom he took care not to beat.  
He lost his gold pieces, to be sure, but  
he gained before long a mitre.

The great metaphysician and the theo-  
logian, Dr. Samuel Clarke, spent some  
of the intervals of his time, when not  
engaged in controverting the views of  
Hobbes, Leibnitz or Spinoza, in leaping  
over the tables and chairs in his study  
or in playing on all fours with children.  
On one of these occasions, seeing an owl  
pedant approaching, he explained:

"Now, we must leave off, for there is a  
fool coming."

Sir Robert Walpole, who sought recre-  
ation in lively conversation at the dinner  
table, would send to the circus for musi-  
cians and actors if the talk was dull.

Old Burton, whose "Anatomy of Melan-  
choly" was the only book that would  
draw Doctor Johnson from his bed two  
hours earlier than usual, used to recreate  
himself by going down to Foley's bridge,  
at Oxford, and listening to the chaff of  
the bargemen, "which did clear away his  
vapors and make him laugh as he would  
die."

Spinoza's favorite recreation was to  
catch spiders and see them fight. When  
he had succeeded in making them as  
angry as gamecocks he would break out,  
all thin and feeble as he was, into a  
roar of laughter, and chuckle to see his  
champions engage in combat, as if they,  
too, like men, were fighting for honor.  
Byron's favorite amusement was shooting  
with a pistol at a coil in a cleft stick.—  
Baltimore Sun.

## MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY TO CALIFORNIA.

With its connections it is about five  
hours quicker than any other line from  
St. Louis to Los Angeles. Choice of  
four direct routes to California. The  
only line operating through standard  
sleeping cars. For further information  
inquire Missouri Pacific-Iron Mountain  
Route, City Ticket Office, St. Louis.

# Columbia Disc . . .. Graphophone

Not necessary to learn to play any instrument. Buy the new  
up-to-date Graphophone. Reproduces perfectly band, or-  
chestra, violin, piano, cornet and the human voice.

THE DISC GRAPHOPHONE IS MADE IN THREE TYPES,  
Selling at **\$15, \$20 and \$30**

7-inch records, 50 cents each;  
\$5 per dozen.

10-inch records, \$1 each;  
\$10 per dozen.

Columbia High Speed Moulded Records fit all types of talking machines  
using cylindrical records and are superior to all others.

**Columbia Phonograph Company**

(GRAND PRIZE PARIS 1900)

709 Pine Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.



Young Woman: Allow me, Mr. Soak, to care for the peach, but I appreciate the  
offer you a brandied peach. spirit in which it is tendered.—Smart  
Old Soak: Thank you, miss; I don't Set.



# THE SPRING SEASON IN THE OZARKS



This cut shows the Crescent Hotel. It does not, however, give one an idea of the imposing elevation it occupies nor the inspiring views obtained from its verandahs

...THE...

## Spring Climate

OF EUREKA SPRINGS  
is ideal—mild and balmy,  
and at the same time thin  
and clear. Only a night's  
ride from St. Louis via the



TICKET OFFICE, EIGHTH AND OLIVE STREETS



# THE KATY FLYER







# United Confederate Veterans Re-union

NEW ORLEANS, MAY 19<sup>TH</sup>-22<sup>ND</sup> 1903

**MOBILE  
AND  
OHIO  
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Lowest Rates and Best Service  
via **MOBILE & OHIO RAILROAD.**

Dining Cars and Through Drawing Room  
Sleepers from St. Louis.

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